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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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For the Register.

TO ——.

Life has its storms—
And the frail child, whose days may not exceed
One revolution 'round the central orb;—
Whose willing hands his will cannot control,
Nor voluntary turn his wishful eyes
To meet Parental Love, as accents fall
So sweet upon his ear, but slightly 'tuned,—
Has felt the sad throes of disappointed hope,
And his young spirit has been rack'd and torn
By griefs as great, as when in riper years
Wealth has receded, and apparent friends
Have lost their sympathy and friendliness.

Life has its sunshine; has its steady calms,
And its dear visions of prospective bliss;
Its mornings of ecstatic joy, and noons
Of perfect loveliness; seasons of light,
When Gloom puts not her faintest shadow forth,
And naught pervades the distance but delight.
Nature and man lose little by the Fall;
And the soul feels that if the heavenly gates
Should open wide, responsive to its claim,
These overflowing senses, not upborne
Must be its misery.

May pure, undazzling brightness fill thy life,
With no alloy of threat'ning cloud or storm,
Save that which the Refiner uses oft,
That He may give the impress of Himself—
A perfect symmetry and comeliness! T. H. B.

For the Register.

"UNITARIANISM DYING OUT."

This cant-phrase reminds us of an ancient book which reads somewhat thus,—

"She went to the undertakers to get him a coffin,
And when she came back she found him a laughing."

We have heard this same tale nearly from the time we used to read Mother Hubbard, and never with so little sense to it as now. Two "Orthodox" societies have gone out of being in Boston, and yet liberal Christians do not venture the insult that "Orthodoxy" is either dying or dead. Boston Unitarians are building churches faster, costlier and better than any other denomination. They have not done what they should: the Orthodox are far more ready to spend money *for merely sectarian objects:* they must have the credit of an extra share of this peculiar philanthrophy. But admit that six years ago there was really a stand-still at this Head Quarters of liberal Christianity; now however our views are taking new hold of the mass, and by such new churches as Mr. Fox's, Clarke's, Waterston's, are adapting themselves to a large class whom they have neglected before. Mr. Coolidge's Church (so far from being changed, as our truth-loving opponents say, from a moderate-sized stone church to an equal building of stone and brick) goes from a plain edifice, out of the way and becoming constantly more inaccessible, to an elegant structure of Gothic architecture, very eligibly situated and twenty feet longer—to be occupied perhaps by a congregation twice the size of his old one. Mr. Fox's church is almost wholly a gain from so-called Orthodox churches. It is not at all strange for some dozen families at a time to unite with some of our new churches from the other sects. The ministry at large was never so large as now. The Unitarian Association itself is acting with more energy than ever before; the Secretaries have been doubled, the correspondence is extending, there are new places which can be secured with proper effort as Unitarian posts, several feeble societies have become strong, and there is no Boston Society which needs to be abandoned.

Our Orthodox friends need not be frightened for the existence of brother Robbins' Society in Hanover street. Few men are more acceptable among all denominations than he; and his church debt is not larger than what Mr. Bellows' society in New York have recently thrown off—we don't mean repudiated. Hollis street is about to consummate an arrangement which may result in establishing this society on a permanent basis.

We end as we began. Unitarianism has done little as yet; we hope our brethren on the other side will whip us into doing more. We trust to be provoked to good works. We will not speak of churches of their own where on fine Sundays not fifty persons are present, we rather lament that our own are no better filled. We will not deny that they go ahead of us in zeal for the diffusion of opinions; we trust a new spirit is arising among us in this respect. But, with little funds that were available, with a funny dread of sectarianism, and a noble reverence for independence of opinion and action, thank God "we continue unto this day." If our friends on the other side do not look out, they will find that we have gained advocates of our foundation-principles in some of their theological schools, aye, among some of their ablest clergy. And were all avowed Unitarianism laid snug away, and could the coffin-lid be screwed down upon such a lively little body, upon our tombstone would speak out the same noble heresy from lips revered for their soundness of faith, by men the pillars of the popular church and the spiritual lights of the age.

P. S. We cannot forbear adding this codicil to our Last Will and Testament. Of six thousand poor children educated at one of our Chapels in Boston, it is reported, that only eight have come short of filling well such places as Providence provided for them in society.

The plough of coming harvests hath been set
For a deep furrow;—God will send the rain,
And men of honest hearts and resolute souls
Shall bind, with singing, the ripe sheaves of grain.

THOUGHTS FROM FENELON.

[Translated for the Register.]

"Everything combines to try you, "but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." He will make use of these temptations for your improvement; yet you must not rely on perceiving either this improvement or the action of God, which is not the less helpful when it is inviable. We should never attain to a state of self renunciation, if God allowed us constantly to perceive His hand present to help us. That would be to sanctify us openly and clearly, clothed in all spiritual delights, but God does sanctify us by means of the cross, in darkness and in privation. Jesus Christ does not say to us, "if any man wishes to come after me let him indulge himself, let him adorn himself, let him be filled with joy as Peter on Mount Tabor, let him, in his perfection, rejoice in me and in himself," but, on the contrary, he says, "if any man will come after me" this is the way wherein he shall walk, "let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," in a path bordered by precipices, exposed to danger and death.

Allow the last ornament of self-satisfaction to be taken from you, and the last veil to be snatched away, that you may fitly receive the robe that is washed in the blood of the Lamb, which has also no other purity than his."

"None can be more deeply moved by what has befallen you, than I am. But we must hold the cross as a treasure, since through it are we rendered worthy of God and conformed to the image of his Son. Crosses are a part of our daily bread. God orders them according to our needs, which He understands, and of which we are ignorant. Cast yourself into His hands. Be you the *child* of Providence, and leave argument to others. Do not think of the distant future; the manna spoiled when more than one day's provision was gathered. Do not say what will become of me to-morrow; "the morrow shall take care for the things of itself." Confine yourself to this day's present need. God will give unto you day by day the succour which belongs to each. By our perpetual restlessness, we make for ourselves a providence as *worthless*, as God's providence is trust worthy and assured."

"Be on your guard with your neighbour, that you claim no ascendancy over him, and avoid all ridicule and mocking. Remember the presence of God, and humble yourself before Him, that you may be humble toward men. Think nothing of any of your own tastes or thoughts. Apply yourself strictly to each day's duty, which is your daily bread."

"God does not need these watchings and fastings beyond your strength. It would be better that you should sleep eight hours every night, and during the day render tribute in another kind of coin. God demands of you a simple, gentle and recollected spirit, a heart obedient to the Divine will and word, great in unbounded self sacrifice, prepared to do all and to hear all, free from the dominion of self and of the world. This is the true and pure offering of the whole life.

Humble yourself before the child Jesus, with the wise men. By surrendering your *will* to God, (which is none of yours, and which you would give to untruth if you refused it to the Lord,) you will offer a gift more precious than the fine gold and spices of the East. Bring then this gift, and give it without any reserve. How much is gained by giving thus; how much lost by withholding anything! He who is entirely faithful possesses nothing of his own, he no longer belongs to himself.—You need never be distressed concerning your faults, if you do not love them, if there is no one which you feel a lingering desire to retain. Only these reserves hinder the advancement of the soul toward God. If you abandon all your imperfections, without reserve, to the spirit of God, they will consume away, as straw is devoured by the flame. Yet, before freeing you from them, God will employ them to free you from yourself and your pride. He will use them to humble you, even to confound you, to destroy utterly all confidence in yourself. Take courage! love and suffer, and be simple and faithful in the hand of God."

For the Register.

A WORD TO PARENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

Hitherto your son has been constantly beneath your roof. You have known his school-mates, familiarly, as if they had been your own children. Has he gone forth to a social party? It has been among neighbors and friends. You have known his dangers and temptations. But now he is to be no longer under your eye. He is to enter the city a stranger. Let us suppose the parting word has been spoken. He leaves your dwelling with your good wishes and earnest prayers still sounding in his ears. A day's journey brings him into the midst of a crowded city. That day begins for him a new life—new trials, new temptations are before him. You have secured for him a good situation. His days are pleasantly occupied. He has no time to think of amusements, scarcely of absent friends. At dark the store is closed. The evening is a season of leisure. It must be passed in the common parlor of a boarding house or in a solitary chamber. But with parental thoughtfulness you have sought to meet this want. You have furnished your son with a pleasant room and a few good books. The fire burns brightly and with the shades of evening he sits down to his work. But everything is strange around him. In the midst of multitudes he feels more lonely than ever before. His thoughts wander far away. He misses familiar voices—his heart longs for the circle of home—his eyes are dim—the book is forgotten, and with a sad spirit he retires to rest. This is altogether too dull to be borne; companions must be found. The first acquaintances which offer are gladly welcomed. An invitation to visit the Theatre is given and readily accepted. He cares not for the Theatre; only it is novel, it gives variety. From the Theatre he turns his steps to one of the "Saloons" in search of refreshments. The next evening he joins a card-party. He soon finds that a great city abounds in amusements. The evening in his room appears more and more dull.

At length Sunday comes; the day which quickens every home association. The village church is far away, and our young stranger wanders forth in search of a place of worship. He enters the porch of a church; the bell is tolling, and the congregation, young and old, are rapidly passing to their accustomed seats. No one knows or cares for him. Diffidently he asks the sexton for a seat, and is introduced to the dust and cobwebs of the "Stranger's Pew." Here again all is strange to him. There is not one familiar face to smile a welcome. Such church-going offers few attractions, and is soon relinquished. Idle Sundays and evening hours are more and more frequently given to *dissipation* under the name of *amusement* or *enjoyment*. Perhaps yet other dangers soon beset his path. He is removed from the gentle, pure influence of mother and sisters—a happy family. He is introduced here to none who will supply their place. He may be introduced to those, whose words of love are poison, and whose "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

A few months will pass away, and your son will again visit home. His countenance, perchance, is unaltered; his heart and soul are sadly changed. He has interests apart from yours—he has secrets you dream not of. You say this cannot be; you have required letters from him weekly or monthly in order that you might understand his thoughts and pursuits. We ask, have you gained his full confidence, so that in truth he will make you his spiritual confessor, will disclose freely to you his trials and temptations? This confidence produced by your faithfulness and love ere he leaves home will be indeed a protector. He will be still more safe, if there is a pastor, in whose congregation you shall see that he is placed, and who would be willing to watch for his welfare. He will be safer still, if also you have prudent friends who will treat your son with the frank confidence and affectionate care they would use toward their own sons or younger brothers! Has your son, moreover, the firmest principles? *If not so*, then far better keep your boy at home, than *expose him, your richest treasure, unshielded, to the thousand temptations and trials which he must meet in any large city.*

For the Register.

THE KIND OF TRACTS NEEDED.

I have long thought of making some suggestions through your paper about Tracts. Some remarks of your own, in the first number of this volume, have moved me now.

We want, for the common people, cheap narrative Tracts, of an attractive appearance—those which will, in a pleasing manner, inculcate our practical religious views; will teach that God is our kind and pitying Father, that he yearns over his intelligent offspring with more than a mother's love, that every act and feeling must be brought under the control of religion.

I think I may safely say, that the majority of the people in this region consider Religion as the business of Sundays, not to be carried into the common concerns of life. If a man is regular in his attendance upon public worship, prayer meetings, and family devotions, and at conferences talks confidently of his love to God and God's people, he may be cross in his family, grind the face of the poor, be knavish in his dealings, if he keeps within the law, and in short, live as if Religion had nothing to do with his common conduct, yet maintain his standing in the community as a religious man, and seem to think himself on the road to Heaven. Tracts which would counteract this pernicious error, if they could be extensively circulated, would, I think, be the means of doing vast good. But to be extensively useful, they must be practical, not doctrinal. If the practical duties are well understood, those who have the free use of the Bible will be in less danger of doctrinal errors. The great mass of Bible readers are Unitarian now; they think themselves Trinitarian and use its peculiar phraseology: but when they explain their views, we seldom find one who does not think of the Father as first, and does not address his prayers to the Father through Christ.

We need also a cheap Child's Paper, one somewhat like the "Well Spring," without its objectionable features, one simple in its character and upward in its tendency. Such a paper would be a great assistance to Christian mothers. The mother's influence is much dwelt upon by writers who know little of the thousand cares which engross the mother's time and thoughts. If they would do something to help a mother's efforts, instead of dwelling upon a responsibility which is already nearly overwhelming, they would excite a glow of gratitude in many a mother's heart. We mothers need cheering and assistance; our feeble efforts are not always owing to indifference to our children's highest interest, but to our ignorance of the best course to be pursued. We sometimes do nothing, because we know not what to do. It is not easy to keep children properly employed on the Sabbath; a good paper, which they felt to be their own, would interest them and help to make the day profitable.

You have those among you capable of these apparently humble labors; humble in *appearance* only, for they acquire a power of adaptation which many gifted minds do not possess. Let not those who have the power disdain to use it, those who help onward these little ones shall receive a rich reward.

I hope you will not deem these suggestions intrusive. I have expressed wants which I have long felt; and, as I have already "spoken in meeting," I would add, that if the common retail price was affixed to the advertisements of books, it would be a great convenience to those who have no access to a book-store. I often see a work noticed, which I would gladly send for, if I knew that it came within my means.

I have been a constant and thorough reader of the Register from its first establishment. I have been delighted with its onward progress, and I join you in the New Year's Wish that its twenty-seventh year may be also progressive. It is to me the progress of a long tried companion and friend.

ONE OF AN ISOLATED FAMILY OF UNITARIANS.
Maine, Jan. 9th 1847.

[From the Lutheran Observer.]

GERMANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

No. IV.

Those who defend the change from German to English, urge this reason further for it, that the English language is in the first place the language of business and general social intercourse; and then that its peculiarity is such, particularly its precision and direct force, as to give it the advantage of the German, notwithstanding the inward superiority of this last as regards the representation of deep thought; an advantage that suits it exactly for this country, out of breath as it is with its driving commercial and industrial pursuits, and wholly taken up with what is material and outward. In this way it comes to have a perfect irresistible charm, for all whose tongues have once become adjusted to its sounds.

To these reasons drawn from the peculiar character of the American people, is frequently added another. The republican constitution of the country, it is said, does not allow any part of the population to cut itself off from the rest, forming thus a state within the state. To have part in the rights and privileges of the American citizen, the German must assume also the duties of such citizenship; and this he can do, only as he becomes English in heart and tongue. They refer to the proceedings of the representatives of the people, which in the townships and counties, in the state and national legislatures, are conducted wholly in English. This was particularly urged upon the writer by the English Americans; even among such as set the highest value on the German spirit, German science and literature, with which they had become acquainted by books or by having visited Germany itself, there was still not one who was liberal enough to consent to a development of the German nationality as a distinct element in America. The German emigrants, who otherwise are among all classes of emigrants the most esteemed for their industry and stability, would find no longer any such favorable reception, but must expect rather to meet the same sort of hatred that falls upon the Catholic Irish, if like these, in their strong religious clanship, they should try to make themselves a separate people.

The parish schools in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and a few besides in the interior of Pennsylvania, excepted, the writer met with no German *schools*; only here and there perhaps some true-minded minister—whose heart bled to see the youth around him, not able so much as to read the Bible and catechism, irrecoverably carried over to the English Church—with great personal sacrifice might be found gathering the little ones around him, to give them the first elements of a German education, so far at least as to make it possible for them to receive regular religious instruction. It is with reluctance, however, that the parents yield to this; the English offer them instruction, free of cost, in schools provided by the state, *English* instruction, which will make their children what *they* cannot now become, and put them on the same footing with Americans. The children themselves are not willing even, whilst attending the English free schools, to receive instruction from the pastor in their mother tongue also; often would they reply, when asked by the writer why they did not do so: "My schoolmates make fun of me, *they call me Dutch*," adding with great self-complacency, that they wished to be English.

Higher seminaries for the German population, are wanting to the same extent. The colleges [illegible] with the theological institutions of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, at Gettysburg and Mercersburg, have only English speaking professors; the German language is indeed in both one *object* of instruction, but it is no *vehicle* of instruction for a single branch of learning.

No independent *German literature* has been formed in America. Not a single book has appeared in the German language, of even the most ordinary importance. Among the German newspapers, some are harmless, but as regards style and contents very poor; as to the first especially stiff, helpless, and wretchedly disfigured with barbarisms and anglicisms. A glance into most of the others however, excites the greatest loathing, for the deep vulgarity in which they choose to roll. The most widely circulated among them is the "*Deutsche Schnellpost*," of New York; it is to be met with over the whole American continent. It surpasses the rest by a certain editorial tact, its versatility and its wit. It lays itself out to communicate intelligence from the fatherland, is the organ of correspondence with Germany for the German population of America. In this widely read and influential paper, the German finds the condition of his native land described, only with the glowing hatred of a revolutionary jacobin, in a political respect, and with the most dreary infidelity as regards religion; with great cunning, every sore spot in the affairs of Germany is laid bare, in such a way as to imply the near dissolution of all things, all political and social relations, which is then made a subject of scornful triumphs; every wholesome conservative movement, in state or church, is reviled or abused, without the least regard to truth, and all pains taken thus to cut asunder the last tie that connects the heart of the American German in sympathy with the land of his birth. In particular, inflamed by the prohibition of his paper in Germany through the Prussian influence mainly, the editor *Eichthal* now singles out Prussia, her government and her affairs generally, as the object of his reporting activity, that is, of his venemous hate, and allows no number to pass without giving vent to this feeling. It is hardly possible that this should not have its influence even on the well disposed; that they should not gradually contract prejudice and dislike toward the state of things in their native country, till at last, all interest in her and all sense of communion with her gone, and no longer nourished from her as a mother in any way, they forget that they are flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, and pay their court exclusively to the step-mother.

Of those even who have brought with them a solid, genuine German education, and in the beginning stood forward with great determination in favor of German interests, a number afterwards, if they turn not quite apostate, yet grow at least continually more and more lukewarm, and give away themselves more and more to the American influence with which they are surrounded.*

If the view taken of the German nation has been gloomy, that presented by the German Church is not less so in any respect. Inward distraction—that fearfully spreading plague spot of the *whole* American Church—forms its chief characteristic. Lukewarmness, indifference, unfaithfulness to the confession, faith and life, that properly belong to the Church; in one direction, narrow intolerant stress laid upon certain points, with hostile exclusiveness towards others, who in another direction occupy much the same ground; here the absence of every bond of unity with a radical tendency to full-independence; there wild religious fire, irregular and impure: such are the forms of character we find represented in the several German denominations, in the midst of more or less true religious life of course, so far at least as most of them are concerned. None of these bodies is in a sound state. Their relation to one another is mostly that of sharp contradiction, if not downright hostility.

It grieves the writer greatly that here again he can do little else than complain. He can truly say, however, that he did not carry with him a disposition to see all things under a dark color. He longed rather to meet with what he could rejoice in, as a Christian and German. Still the impression left by the whole remains a melancholy one; and he assures his readers, that the judgment of *all* spiritually minded Germans in America agreed with his own.

* In proof of what is here said of the force that is exercised by the American spirit over even the thoroughly educated, the writer would refer to the case of one of his American acquaintances. This gentleman reached America at the same time with himself. He was a theologian from Wuertemberg, well versed in divinity and of thorough philosophical training, independent throughout, of clear intellect, full of spirit, and a German Suabian as regards heart. Before leaving the country, after the lapse of a year, I saw him again, and his whole teadency had become American; all his sympathies were towards the American nature; to his tongue even the English had come to be more ready than the German. He was incessantly addressing me in English, in spite of my protest against the treason; nay, as a characteristic trait, he spoke English in his sleep!

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no powers of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth, the 'light which never was on sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream.'

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind without leading the minds of others one point farther than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the fine game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. 'Macaulay the Lucky' he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-developement as his principal, if not only end.

He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. The lamps are lit in a gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modesty, yet magnificence; the [illegible] but the god descends not—or if he [illegible] it is only [illegible] not Jupiter, the Pluto's son, the Eloquent, and He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and time-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely, and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind—whether in Coleridge,

"With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,"

or in Voltaire, shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse or glittering upon Cromwell's sword,—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind. [Tait's Magazine.

THE FLOOD.—DR. BEECHER AND PIUS IX.

[The Boston Recorder has a letter from Walnut Hills, dated Dec. 30, with the initials C. E. S.,—leaving no doubt that it comes from one of the Professors in Lane Seminary, who, in a very capacious mind, (of which there is the outward index in a genuine "front of Jove") has a large chamber occupied by humor. We give a few extracts.]

"The Flood has been unparalleled in its circumstances, and in the amount of loss and suffering it has occasioned. In this city it was within five inches of the great flood of February, 1832, and at Zanesville and some other places, it was even higher than that great freshet. The amount of property destroyed and suffering occasioned are immeasurably greater; for then the river valleys were only sparsely settled, but now very thickly. This flood occurs in December, just at the commencement of winter, and at a season of the severest cold ever known in this climate. The sufferings of families driven from their homes in the country on the river banks, and obliged to seek shelter in the woods on the hills, because there were no houses to receive them, almost remind one of Napoleon's Russian campaign. Here in the city we managed very comfortably, for the houseless took refuge in the Churches, and many a one went to church, and gladly too, who had not done such a thing before for years. The Unitarian church was particularly honored, for a woman, soon after her arrival there, gave birth to a pair of twins, whom it was proposed to baptise by the names of Flood and Freshet. So says Mr. Cist.

It was a curious spectacle which presented itself from the heights in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. Looking for the villages of Columbia and Jamestown, we saw an immense lake, speckled with roofs and chimneys, like great lazy tortoises stretching their necks above the turbid water to see what was going on; while the current of the Ohio was roaming and rushing through the water, bearing on its bosom, together with an infinite amount of small rubbish, barns, saw-mills, stores, dwelling-houses, great sycamore trees standing upright, and all buzzing and whirling round and round, and performing all manner of odd gyrations, as if they were alive and fully conscious of the helpless awkwardness of their position, and not a little irritated thereby. The details of the extent of damage, &c., you will see in the papers; but the amount of individual suffering can never be told. Taking in the whole length of the Ohio and its tributaries, the Muskingum, Hocking, Scioto, Big Sandy, Guyandot, Kenhowa, Wabash, Kentucky, etc., etc., thousands and thousands of miles of inhabited land are overflown, and that too in extremely cold weather, with deep snow on the ground, and in many places no dwellings for miles except what were on the river bottoms. One large brick house, in a village above Cincinnati, in which over thirty persons had taken refuge, was surrounded with water to the depth of ten feet; the foundations were washed away, the walls fell, and more than half the inmates were crushed or drowned. This is but a specimen. The loss in buildings, fences, corn, lumber, wood, coal, and such articles, is beyond all calculation. One of our most respectable coal merchants told me that he had himself lost 30,000 bushels of coal, floated off or sunk in the boats, and whole wood yards were carried off bodily. This, at the beginning of winter, is exceedingly calamitous. The corn was most of it in the field, (as is often the case in the country, the farmers feeding it to their swine or getting it as they want it,) and was either floated off or thrown down into the mud, and then by the extreme cold frozen over and enclosed in ice. A neighbor of mine, a member of one of our churches, has 8,000 bushels of corn thus frozen in, which will all be ruined before it can be gathered. The enormous crops of the last season, at least on the rich river bottoms, are more than half destroyed. * *

The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph stated some weeks ago that one of the ladies who came out under Gov. Slade's agency had joined the Catholic church. This statement *is entirely untrue.* True, a yankee girl, who has been teaching in Ohio, has joined the Catholic church in Cincinnati; but she came out here, *on her own hook*, long before the society was instituted, and she never had any connection with it. She has an abundance of the yankee smartness, and for ought that I know, she may yet become Papess Joanna the Second.

And by the way, this reminds me of the new Pope, Pius the Ninth. What a phenomenon is he! I was reading the other evening from a foreign paper, an account of his doings, to that long known and sturdy opponent of all Popedom, Dr. Lyman Beecher—and the old gentleman in the fulness of his heart, kept interrupting me with the exultations: "Good"—"success to him"—and the like. Well, thinks I to myself, we have fallen on new times, sure enough; here is Dr. Lyman Beecher shouting success to the Pope, and Bishop Hughes drinking prosperity to yankee schoolmasters at a New England dinner! The millennium must be near at hand. It is a fact, that yankee schoolmasters have taught the Pope what he never knew before; for that dignitary is now establishing common schools in Rome, a thing which was done for the first time by the yankees of Massachusetts, two hundred years ago. I am afraid Pius Ninth will prove himself to be a real radical of the Oliver Cromwell Puritan stamp; and then what will become of the Papal infallibility? What will become of Puseyism? Alack and alas! what will become of Dr. Cuit's book, and Bishop Southgate? And how will the infallible radicalism of Pius Ninth, stand connected with the infallible conservatism of Gregory Sixteenth! Will not the people say that Gregory was an *old Flat*, and that Pius is a *young Sharp;* and judge of popes as they do of other men by their deeds!

The Lane Seminary law suit, is still, like a wounded snake, dragging its slow length along. Many of our friends at the East were humbugged by a foolish paragraph, published in some of the Old School papers, stating that a decision given last winter on a mere question of technical pleading. You understand there are two suits, a suit in chancery, and a suit at law. The chancery suit was thrown out of court by Judge Johnson a few weeks ago, on the ground that Kemper was not competent to bring such a suit. The suit at law is now before the judges of Columbus, and will probably be decided in a few days."

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The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality.

We talk with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table.

I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. *Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginble realms of faerie.

In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also.*

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God has called us to meet his best gift to man—his only begotten Son—not in a splendid court, but in a manger!—in the wilderness!—in Gethsemane!—before the high priest, when they spat in his face and buffeted him, and smote him!—at the cross;—and at the sepulchre! Thus it is that he corrects the pride and ambition of the human heart. [Richard Cecil.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself. See what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.
[Rev. G. Herbert, 1630.

THE HOLY LAND.—NO. VII.

JACOB'S WELL AND THE SAMARITANS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Our last view of Jerusalem was very fine. We looked back from a ridge on the northern road, and saw it lying, bright and stately, on its everlasting hills: but it looked lower than from most other points of view, from the Moab mountains forming its lofty background. We descended the slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy City forever.

Again we were struck with the vivid coloring of the scenery. All this day, the hills were dressed in brilliant hues;—the soil, red, grey, and brown; the tilled portions of the brightest green; and the shadows purple or lilac. All the hills show traces of having been once terraced; and they were still completely so in the neighborhood of our encampment this evening,—the terraces following the strata of the stone, which all lay slanting. This gives a singular air of wildness to the most cultivated spots. Here and there were basins among the hills, the red soil dropped all over with fig and olive trees, or full of corn; and the upland tracks winding among slopes all strewn with cistus, iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bristling with tall flowing hollyhocks. On we went, past deep old wells yawning in the hollows, or stone cisterns, few camels here and there, browsing in the dells; past groups of Arabs with their asses, carrying corn to the city; past stone villages crowning the steeps, till, at 6. P. M. we encamped beside a beautiful old pool. We were under the shelter of a rock whose moist crevices were fringed with delicate ferns. While dinner was preparing, I went back on our road — the narrow, stony road, which wound round the verdant promontory opposite to our rock—to find a honeysuckle which I had seen climbing and blossoming to a great height! and I brought back a charming handful of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent, a sound of scuffling was heard outside; and when our dragoman next entered, he was out of breath. We afterwards heard the whole story, and were amused to find how zealous our Mohammedan servants could be in the cause of Christians. Some Arabs, with their loaded mules, had come with the intention of encamping beside the pool; and, on finding the ground partly occupied, though there was plenty of room left, they became abusive, and wondered aloud what business these cursed Christians had in their country. Our dragoman resented this, and threw the speaker down over the tent ropes. There was then a stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help, and the Arabs falling one upon another over the tent pegs in the dark, they had the worst of it, and went off vowing vengeance. We heard no more of them, however.

The next morning we saw the Mediterranean, like a basin of deep blue water between two hills. We were not going towards it, however, but to Nablous, the ancient Sychar; where lies that Jacob's well at which the woman of Samaria was wont to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile valley now called Hawarrah, where the crops were splendid for miles, and the villages were thickly planted on the hills. The ground rose in a series of table lands, of which there was a succession of three, when we were leaving the rich Hawarrah valley. The roads in this part of the Old School papers, stating that a decision given last winter on a mere question of technical pleading. You understand there are two suits, a suit in chancery, and a suit at law. The chancery suit was thrown out of court by Judge Johnson a few weeks ago, on the ground that Kemper was not competent to bring such a suit. The suit at law is now before the judges of Columbus, and will probably be decided in a few days."

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And the Samaritans were surely right in persisting in their endeavor to worship Jehovah, in accordance with the laws of Moses, as they did not believe in strange gods: and, if the Jews could not admit them to worship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could not be blamed for building one for themselves.

Such was always my view of the matter;—and such being my view, it was with indescribable interest that I looked this day upon Mount Gerizim, and remembered that somewhere in the city we were approaching was treasured that sacred copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, (books of Moses) which the possessors believe to be the true one, and to be 3,500 years old. The most learned men among the Christians do not believe it to be nearly so old as that; but they have a high opinion of its value, and would follow it sooner than any other, I believe, excepting instances where the disputed texts about Ebal and Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate the Christians as heartily as the old inhabitants used to hate the Jews. The present inhabitants are Mohammedans of the most bigoted character; and they would admit neither Jews nor Christians within their gates, till within a few years, when the government of the country (then Egyptian) compelled them to better manners.—They dared not refuse us admission, but they behaved with great insolence. We had to ride from end to end of the city, our tents being pitched on a green on the other side. Our horses had to go as slowly as possible through the narrow street, which would not hold two abreast, and was paved with large slippery stones. As we rode along, one behind another, at this funeral pace, all the people came out to stare, and many to mock.

Three times things were thrown into my face; men and women laughed and sneered, and children thrust out their tongues. I felt what a lesson this was to intolerance about matters of opinion. In the streets of other cities, men take upon themselves to pity and despise one another, with no better knowledge in reality of one another's views and feelings than these Mohammedans had of ours, or we of theirs.

At last we were through! and glad I was to issue from the gate at the further end. But a sad sight awaited us there. A company of lepers were under the trees, crying out to us for charity, and stretching out their maimed hands. It is a terrible sight, which we see too often in that country. It saddened us at Jerusalem, almost every day.

Our tents were pitched on a weedy plot of ground, among gardens, orchards, and rippling streams, and looking up to Ebal on the one side, and Gerizim on the other. Ebal is still the sterner looking mountain of the two; but Gerizim has lost much of its fertility. Both have tombs and votive buildings on them, which show them to have been places of pilgrimage.

After dinner, we ascended a height, past the Mohammedan cemetery, whence we had a fine view, in the last sunlight, of this most beautiful city. It was once the capital of Samaria; and it is still, and must ever be, from its situation, a very striking place. It completely fills the valley, from side to side, and ascends a little way up the skirts of Gerizim. Its houses, with their flat white roofs, are hedged in by the groves which surround the town; vines spread from roof to roof, and from court to court; two or three palms spring up in the midst, and, higher aloft still, a graceful minaret here and there.

Then, to my delight, we descended to seek the Samaritan synagogue. We were guided to it, and I saw nearly all the Samaritans of the place; good-looking people, the men wearing the high, helmet-like turban, which we see in the portraits of Josephus, and other old Jews. They said their number was sixty in this place, and about forty more elsewhere:—only a hundred in the whole world. They declared their chief priest and the rest of their sect to be at Genoa. They keep three great feasts in the year, going up to Gerizim, as the Jews used to go up to the Temple.

The synagogue was a small, ordinary looking chapel.

It kept the old copy of the Pentateuch. It was shown to us, after some entreaty on our part; but I found it was impossible that I could be allowed to touch it.

I felt it a great event to have seen it. It is written on a sort of vellum, in the Samaritan text, clear, small, and even. The vellum is tattered; but it is well mounted on parchment. The priest himself dares not touch the MS. without careful purification; and he holds it by the ends of the rollers on which it is fixed as a scroll, like the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.

We were lighted through the archways of the street on our way home, and down the hill, by a single candle, which burned steadily in the still air.

Our employment this evening was reading aloud the history of the Jewish and Samaritan controversy, and the fourth chapter of the gospel of John. While we were thus reading in our tent, the jackall was in full cry on the slopes of Gerizim.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 29, 1848.

DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?

[The Great Question. A Sermon preached at the Rowe Street Meeting-House on Sabbath morning, Nov. 28, 1847. By Nehemiah Adams, Pastor of Essex Street Church, Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln—8vo, pp 27.]

The Christian World of the last week, with the keen, logical analysis that distinguishes its editor, has so very thoroughly criticised this sermon, that we have been on the point of relinquishing an extended review which we purposed, and limiting ourselves to the usual brief notice in the column of "new publications." But we feel that the nature of the subject presented in the sermon demands something more at our hands. In our present article we shall examine only one point. We must defer the remainder until next week.

The author of the sermon, in his reply to the Committee of the Church requesting its publication,—Messrs. R. Fletcher, H. Lincoln, C. D. Gould, and R. E. Eddy,—states, that "the sermon was first preached to his own Congregation several months before, in the ordinary course of ministerial duty; and that on being requested, late on Sabbath morning, to officiate in the pulpit of the Rowe Street (Baptist) Church, in the failure of an expected supply, he was influenced in his choice of subjects only by the common interest which the theme of salvation by Christ inspires." It is proper, perhaps, to consider this in criticising the sermon, and to remember that it was not an occasional sermon, elaborately prepared, for an open discussion of the great question it contains.

The first head of the sermon is, "TO SHOW WHAT IT IS TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST SO AS TO BE SAVED. This is set forth as follows:—

"The Bible teaches us, that the sufferings and death of Christ were appointed as a substitute for the future and endless sufferings of the race, all of whom may avail themselves of this substitution on certain conditions. Future endless punishment is declared to be the penalty of sin, and every one who does not accept the offered substitution must perish. In illustration of this, it is sufficient to call to mind such passages as teach that Christ 'was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed;' that 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;' that Christ 'gave his life a ransom for many;' that God hath set him 'forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood;' 'in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;' that 'he died for all,' 'was made a curse for us,' and has 'delivered us from the wrath to come.'

"Such being the object and the effect of Christ's death in our behalf, it follows, that believing on him must consist in availing ourselves, in some way, of his sufferings and death. To believe on Christ as a Saviour is, in some way, to do that which makes his sufferings and death come in the place of our future punishment, so as to release us from it. For, believing on Christ is represented in the Bible as reconciling us to God, making it possible for God to 'be just, and to justify him that believeth in Jesus,' so that there is 'no condemnation' for a believer. Hence, that believing in Christ which saves the soul, may be said to be relying on the sufferings and death of Christ, who, by them, has redeemed us from condemnation and punishment."

It is, then, on these texts selected from the Old and New Testaments, that Dr. Adams rests the doctrine of his discourse,—that "to believe in Christ is to rely on his sufferings and death as coming in the place of our future punishment, so as to release us from it." If his interpretation of these texts is not correct, his doctrine of course cannot stand. We meet him here at this important point, and try the correctness and strength of his position.

In the first place we affirm, that some of these texts, viz.—"was made a curse for us;" "gave his life a ransom for many;" "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all,"—Dr. Adams does not receive in a literal, but only in a figurative sense. His views coincide, we suppose, at least on the atonement, with what is called the New England theology. Not the curse of the law was inflicted on Christ, he would say, but suffering which was *equivalent* to the curse. Not the iniquity of us all [i. e. its punishment] was literally laid on him, but suffering which is accepted as an *equivalent* for the penalty of the law. A literal *ransom* he gave not his life; he did not *buy off* the souls of sinners; such a doctrine Dr. Adams would not for a moment assert. In departing, then, from the literal meaning of any of these passages, Dr. Adams sanctions the principle of their figurative interpretation. And this principle being adopted, the question arises, what is the real idea at the basis of the figure?

We are perfectly ready to grant, that in the passages which Dr. Adams quotes, or in some of them, the sacred writers conceived of the idea of Christ under the form of the Jewish expiatory or sin offerings. But what then? Did they not also conceive of him under the form of a *warrior Prince?* Did they not speak of his blood as a *ransom?* A warrior, a ransom, he literally was not. Of course it is valid to say that so also an expiatory victim he literally was not. The question still returns, what is the idea at the basis of the figure? What is the adequate idea enveloped in the inadequate form? If we find it, the demands of critical and philosophical interpretation are met.

Christ was what he is described to be, in the *effects* of his life and death. He was a Prince in that he conquered, and should conquer, all his enemies. His life, his blood was a ransom, in that he accomplished deliverance from the thraldom of sin. And all this is the result of *moral* influence.

He "was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," in that he lived and suffered, to put them away. "The chastisement" by which "our peace" is effected "was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed," in that his sufferings as the crowning instrumentality, accomplished our holiness and our peace—and all this by the moral power of his life and death. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," in that he bears it away, as he bore away men's diseases—by the word of his power. "He gave his life a ransom for many," in that many, as the moral consequence of his death, were delivered from sin whose servants they had hitherto been. Him "God hath sent forth to be a propitiation [*ilasterion*—the mercy seat,] through faith in his blood," inasmuch as faith in Christ crucified, faith in the Christ thus ignominiously put to death, as being the veritable Son of God, perceives God in Christ—brings him very near to the soul, as pardoning, adopting, the repenting sinner. Christ reveals the Father. In Christ on the Cross, preeminently, where all was sealed, we behold the spiritual presence of God, we are introduced to the divine Presence by that very word, Father, coming again and again from the lips of the Son of God; and the God and Father of Christ becomes our God and Father through the power of Faith, which discerns and acknowledges Him.

Again: "We have redemption [*apolutrosis*, ransom] through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins," as forgiveness is the consequence through the repentance which his teaching, consummated by his death, effects. "He died for all," as he died to benefit all; died to promote the deliverance of mankind from sin, and secure their happiness. He was "made a curse for us," as he suffered a mode of death which was accounted a curse both in the Mosaic and heathen laws; as he died thus ignominiously for our benefit and salvation. He has thus "delivered us from the wrath to come." Deliverance from sin and its consequences—this is the work he accomplishes, and it is itself the great idea at the basis of all the figures of speech employed by the sacred writers. This is the only point of view in which all the various representations of the death of Christ meet and harmonize. To insist, as Dr. Adams does, on the view of Christ's death as a proper substitution, obliges him to perform the arbitrary act of *selecting* from among these representations what he will consider as figures of speech, and what not. Indeed he after all does not stand by his own professed literal atonement. He selects a representation which after all he is obliged to make a figure; and in adopting such a *principle* of interpretation, he is in fact our authority, against himself, for maintaining a figurative mode of setting forth the subject different from that in which he himself may view it. And the question may be reduced to this,—Which is the more adequate view, his or ours? To us, the view he has selected is unsatisfactory, does not reach the bottom of the matter, does not penetrate within. The more we look at it, the more decidedly we reject it, in the form in which he puts it. The great idea of Redemption through the services of Christ—of deliverance from sin unto holiness effected through the power of the truth which he spake, and which he was; the power of his life and death and resurrection,—God's Holy Spirit working therewith, according to its own nature;—this truth we accept, it grows larger and more attractive with renewed contemplation of it. Its own spell, its own power, is a divine attestation to its reality. It is in the act of exercising faith in Christ as the Redeemer, that the soul accepts him, receives his truth, imbibes his spirit, becomes obedient to the will of God, and is THUS redeemed. And "it is possible for God to be just, and to justify him that believeth in Jesus," on the simple ground that faith in Christ *is* righteousness, in its elemental nature, and works righteousness—"worketh by love" to God and love to man.

There is a sentiment from the lips of Neander, whom Dr. Adams honors no less than ourselves, which we wish not to forget in relation to him, and would be himself might regard it in relation to us. It is as follows: "Had men but clearly seized, and fixed in their own consciousness the exact relation of the *speculative* system of faith to the *life of faith*, and the relation of the single Christian doctrines to that which constitutes the peculiar and *essential foundation* of the gospel,—the doctrine concerning Christ as the Redeemer of mankind,—the oppositions which often existed only in the speculative mode of apprehending doctrines, would not have been able to distract and break up the fellowship and unity of the Christian consciousness. * * * * But to each of the contending doctrinal parties, the struggle for their *own peculiar* modes of apprehension seemed identical with the struggle for Christianity itself."* Dr. Adams would most probably say, that "the essential foundation" is the vicarious atonement. Neander leaves us in no doubt that *his* broad view is that of Christ as the Redeemer of mankind. He studiously avoids the atonement-view.—We ourselves believe in Christ as the "Redeemer of mankind." We believe this *fact* of the gospel. We have our own explanation of the fact; Dr. Adams has his. We would penetrate beneath the form by which he seems almost to obscure the truth, and would perceive that even to him the doctrine of Christ the Redeemer of mankind is the great truth at the centre. All his illustrations are very imperfect forms by which he would seek to set it forth. *It* alone is valuable; the rest is chaff. If Christ the Deliverer from sin and its consequences is not, after all, the great doctrine even in Dr. Adams' esteem; if this is not the great doctrine viewed more in its *effects* on man, than in the *method* in which it operates as a cause to render God able to show mercy—then is his view most superficial and inadequate—we will not say inoperative; for God is the Judge how far his mind may have become transformed into the likeness of the mind of Christ, through the power of the *spirit* of Christ exerted through the *doctrines* of Christ, so far as Dr. Adams understands and accepts them.

*Vol. 2, Torrey's Trans. pp. 345.

REGENERATION.

In the Register of last week, we presented three points, in which the Old School Orthodox are at issue with the New School. Still another is presented by the Presbyterian; but on this it does not make a clear and decided issue. It says:—"We should indeed be happy to learn that the Evangelist does admit such an immediate influence of the Holy Ghost on the soul in regeneration as shall ascribe to the truth only an instrumental one." So far as our own knowledge goes, the New School theology does not ascribe to the truth any other than an "instrumental" influence. And here it is in perfect harmony with the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith, which declares "the reading and especially the preaching of the word" to be "the outward and ordinary means of conversion." In the original communication of Mr. Eells, however, there is a distinct issue presented on this point. He says, "there are some who believe that such is the alienation of the heart from God and holiness, that no motive can lead it to love those until it be changed by *a direct act* of the Holy Ghost;" and he quotes in confirmation the words of Rev. Dr. Porter of Andover:—"*The Spirit takes right hold of the heart, and changes it.*" But the Presbyterian does not directly maintain this. He who defines so sharply on other points, would not fail to do it here, if he felt that this *mode* of resolving conversion into God's direct act, was an essential part of Orthodoxy. This *taking-right-hold-of* theory is rejected by many of the Old School Orthodox, as well as universally by the New School, so that it is not a clear point of difference. The Old School indeed are not generally inclined to dogmatize beyond their standards; and as the standards do not explicitly assert, nor clearly imply the theory in question, it is not insisted on by the "Presbyterian" as essential. Mr. Eells has gone a step further, and laid himself open to the just rebuke of Mr. Stearns, who says—"Mr. E. has impeached the candidate for refusing to assert what his own standards, no less than the Bible, refuse to assert.

On the doctrine of regeneration, we know not that we differ greatly from orthodox divines—we were about to say except in the mode of conception of the personality of the Spirit as distinct from the Father; but we will not make this exception, for the simple reason that we doubt whether our orthodox brethren in general so regard the personality of the Spirit. For ourselves we believe that God's spirit—his own Omnipresent spirit, and not a separate hypostasis or third person—moving over men's hearts as the breath of His wind moves over nature; that His illuminating and quickening Spirit—like the beams of the sun,

> ——"which shoot
> Their invisible virtue e'en into the deep,—

informs, enlivens, and thus helps the soul to its recovery, through the truth as a means. Without his Spirit, man would do nothing; without it, man *can* do nothing. There is no "*independent* ability;" we agree with the *Evangelist* in asking,—"Who holds that any man, regenerate or unregenerate, or any angel in heaven, has such an ability?"

We believe, moreover, that every soul stands in need of regeneration, as a birth of new affections, new aims and purposes. The *state* of the will needs to be changed from the pursuit of things earthly to things divine and holy; the *state* of the affections from indifference and alienation to love. The commencement of this change is regeneration, its progress is sanctification; and for both do we believe we depend on God's holy Spirit, the revelation of whose help, is itself to the soul one of the most potent aids vouchsafed in the gospel of Christ for human redemption. To divine influence, to the truth which as revealed by Christ has the power of motive, and is the divine power to move man's free will—especially the truth of the Father himself working in his creature man, to will and to do of his own ineffable love and good pleasure; to these is the soul indebted for its recovery from sin, and for its salvation. They are views which bring God and Christ near to the soul. The truth itself is only another name for the great ideas in which the soul perceives the Great I AM, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. This is the Life of God in the soul of man.

For the Register.

THREATENED SCHISM IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

A distracting controversy has for some time been in progress between portions of the Episcopal Church in England and the Minister of the Crown, which is forcibly adapted to present the incongruity of any attempt to unite church and state. Some brief account of this matter, sufficient to inform our readers of the issue now raised, may be of interest to them, while it will add to the abundant instruction within our reach as to the well-proved superiority of the voluntary system in the support of religion.

At the time of the reformation in England, Henry VIII. substituted himself in the place of the Pope of Rome, as Head of the Church in his own temporal dominions. This was all right so far as the substitution went, for if the Church in any country is to have any visible Head, the chief magistrate of that country has better claims to the office than has any foreign usurper. Besides, the Pope himself had honored the monarch with the title of "Defender of the Faith," and Henry after that only took him at his word.

The royal prerogative of Head of the Church, of course ought not to be a mere empty title, therefore there was attached to it the right to nominate and present to the several dioceses of the kingdoms, the bishops of the Church, and when the candidates have been thus presented, the diocesan chapters are notified to elect, and are compelled, under the severest penalties, to choose the nominees. The marvellous absurdity, the manifest injustice, and we might almost add, the blasphemy, necessarily involved in this course of proceeding, will appear when we trace its operation. The First Lord of the Treasury is the Premier or Prime Minister, and the Head of the Cabinet of the Kingdom. As such, he is the adviser of the monarch, and all nominations to office in the gift of the Crown, come from or through him. For any provision or restraining enactment to secure the contrary condition, this chief minister of the Crown may be a Deist or an Atheist even. It is not many years since the office was filled by one who, by common report, was an unbeliever. Now the bishops, according to theory, are the successors to the functions and prerogatives of the apostles. Here, then, we have the monstrous inconsistency of one attempt, at least, to unite Church and State.

In the exercise of his delegated power, Lord John Russell, the liberal Premier of Great Britain, had nominated the Rev. Dr. Rean Dickson Hampden, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, to the Bishopric of the vacant See of Hereford, and in so doing, he had agitated the waters of strife to an angry tempest, which threatens alike the peace of the Church, and one of the usurped exercises of power in the State.

Dr. Hampden is a man of good talents and large acquisitions, of high character, faithful in his clerical duties, and much esteemed in private life. He was a friend of Dr. Arnold, is still the friend of the liberal Archbishop Whately, and was a thorn in the flesh of the Tractarian divines. He is accused of heresy. His alleged heresy, however, does not consist in his rejection of the Orthodox doctrines, but in his representing them as merely theological dogmas, not of the absolute essentials of the Christian religion, and as not suspending, by their belief or rejection, the salvation of souls. Fifteen years ago he delivered a course of lectures at Oxford on the scholastic theology, which gave offence to the party then rising into notice in that University, The Rev. Mr. Newman, the recent apostate to Rome, with others of the Tractarian party, commenced a warfare of words against Dr. Hampden. Four years afterwards, Viscount Melbourne, then Premier, appointed Dr. Hampden to the highest theological office in the University in the gift of the Crown—the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford. This ministerial measure was unsuccessfully opposed, though a vote was passed by a large majority of the members of the University—instigated by Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey—declaring that they had no confidence in the theological instruction of the Professor. An attempt being made to rescind this censure in 1842, resulted in its being reiterated, though by a smaller majority. Dr. Hampden, however, stood his ground in a bitter controversy, filled his place well, and was honored by a numerous attendance of pupils.

Lord John Russell has selected this man as, in his view, eminently qualified to fill the Episcopal throne of Hereford. On the announcement of the nomination, the murmurings of a storm arose which had reached to a tempest, according to our last advices from England, and threatened to open a seam in the ship of State and the ship of the Church. In spite of all menaces, expostulations, petitions, and partial resistance, the Premier has persevered in his purpose and has triumphantly carried it through. Fifteen bishops, more than half of the whole Bench, sent up their remonstrance to the Premier, and threatened consequences. The Premier—in the phrase of the "English Churchman,"—*drubbed* them all, and read a lecture to a whole subsidy of protesting Peers, Judges, Barristers, Gentlemen, &c., and finally, to show his contempt for the whole medley of Episcopacy, attended worship on Sunday at "Dr. Cumming's Meetinghouse." Foremost among the ecclesiastical inquisitors, is that renowned bigot Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. He answered with his own individual pen, Lord John's reply to all the bishops, and mingled sarcasm and impudence with his argument. Still Lord John was firm.

In due course the "Gazette" announced the ministerial nomination—with the farcical form, *conge d'elire*—or warning to the Dean and Chapter of Hereford to proceed to *elect* a bishop. Farcical is the only epithet that befits this form or pretence of—*Election*—addressed to those who have no more power in the case than they have over the weather. The penalty for recusancy is a decided one. If within twelve days the Chapter refuse to *elect*, the Crown presents to the See without any *election*, and the Archbishop is obliged to consecrate the candidate. After eight days more allowed to the former, and twenty days more to the latter, for serious reflection upon their contumacy, the former still failing to elect, and the latter to consecrate, "all their goods, ecclesiastical and personal, are liable to confiscation, and themselves to imprisonment, till they submit." These are the terms of the contract between Church and State in England. Each party to it having, a long time ago, said to the other, "I will do this, if you will do that." The Church now wishes to repudiate its own part of the *obligation*, while it doubles its own share of the *consideration*. A delightful state of things truly, and the more so when we reflect that nearly half of the inhabitants of England and Wales are dissentients from the Established Church.

Notwithstanding the resolute determination of the Premier to carry his point, and the severity of the penalty, the most vigorous measures were instituted by the enemies of Dr. Hampden to induce the Dean and Chapter to resist. Dr. Merewether, Dean of Hereford, an unsuccessful applicant for the Bishopric, announced his determination to the Premier not to vote for Dr. Hampden. The Premier made him the following affectionate reply:

"Woburn Abbey, Dec. 25.

"Sir: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 22d, inst., in which you intimate to me your intention of violating the laws.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"J. RUSSELL."

The Chapter of Hereford met Dec. 28. Seventeen votes were cast, fifteen in favor of the candidate, two against him. Thus Dr. Hampden was *elected* Bishop. We shall watch the result. Will there be any?

For the Register.

ANTI-SABBATH CONVENTION.

We find in the last Liberator a call for an Anti-Sabbath Convention to be held on the 23d and 24th of March next, signed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Theodore Parker, Edmund Jackson, Charles F. Hovey, Maria W. Chapman, Edmund Quincy, S. S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, and other distinguished Philanthropists and Reformers. It is preceded by a long address, from which we learn various facts, which are truly, as they say, "startling." It seems that efforts are making "whose specific object it is to impose the Sabbatical yoke yet more closely on the necks of the American people." We learn that there is now "no liberty of conscience allowed to the people of this country, under the laws thereof, in regard to the observance of the Sabbath day." We are apparently in danger of the return of the times when the Baptists were banished, and the Quakers imprisoned and put to death. We are alarmed at learning, what we were not aware of before,—"That in the hands of a Sabbatizing clergy, the Sabbath is a mighty obstacle in the way of all the reforms of the age—such as Anti-Slavery, Peace, Temperance, Purity, Human Brotherhood, &c., &c., and rendered adamantine in its aspect towards bleeding Humanity." They think that one day of rest in seven is not enough, but that to render this rest safe and useful, it is necessary to be rid of all legal restraints that bear on its religious observance. In view of the dreadful evils to which the country is exposed from the efforts made to enforce the observance of the Sabbath by legal restraints, they exclaim with heroic boldness,—"We claim for ourselves, and for all mankind, the right to worship God according to the dictates of *our own consciences*. This right, inherent and inalienable, is cloven down in the United States; and we call upon all who desire to preserve civil and religious liberty to rally for its rescue." And this enterprize is undertaken in the true martyr spirit. For they inform us that "they are aware that they shall inevitably be accused, by the chief priests, Scribes and Pharisees of the present time, as was Jesus by the same class in his age, as not of God, because they do not keep the Sabbath day."

There can be no objection to a Convention, whose object is to awaken public attention to dangers of this magnitude. But the people generally seem to have been ignorant of the volcano over which they have been sleeping. We were unconscious of the tyrannical yoke that is pressing down the neck of bleeding humanity. We thought, in our ignorance, that most people were allowed to spend Sunday very much as they chose, provided they did not interfere with the rights of others. We have never heard of any who were made to lose their Sunday morning sleep, or compelled to attend church in the afternoon, by the compulsory interference of law. It is said that in the taverns around Boston, and in the places of dissipation in the city, you can find large numbers, every Sunday, enjoying the largest liberty of conscience. May not these gentlemen, in their enthusiasm against oppression, exaggerate the dangers to which human liberty is exposed from this source? We had not supposed that either the morals or happiness of the people were in any serious jeopardy, from the too strict religious observance of the Sabbath.

Great fears seem to be entertained from the labors of Dr. Edwards, a rather dull but very worthy man, the agent of a Society which calls itself the "American and Foreign Sabbath Union," who travels about the country lecturing on the importance, and the best means of securing, a better observance of Sunday, and distributing a book of "Permanent Sabbath Documents"—which books contain many useful facts, and some wise and some unwise inferences. We think they over-estimate Dr. Edwards' machinations against human liberty. So far from hanging and imprisoning men, he will probably succeed in nothing but closing a few dram-shops.

The Editor of the Liberator, in his remarks on the call for the Convention, says, what is undoubtedly true, that instead of the few names appended to it, thousands might have been obtained. We have no doubt of it. Indeed, the numbers are so large of those who would sympathize with this movement, that the danger of any speedy subjugation to the priesthood must be chimerical. Our army in Mexico has got over all superstitious scruples about the mode of spending Sunday, to an extent which must satisfy the most anxious reformer. Texas and Arkansas will espouse their side, to a man. And in Boston, the Police Court on Monday morning shows that we have yet among us many, who will carry out in practice a large liberty of conscience on Sunday.

We have no opposition to make to this Convention. We are for every man speaking his mind, if he does it in a proper way. But we do not share the fears of the gentlemen who call the Convention. If however they think the country in danger from men being compelled to observe the Sabbath too religiously, by all means let them declare it. They will probably find many to agree with them—many who would like to have plausible reasons put into their mouths for throwing off both the tyrannical restraints of law and the superstitions of religion.

☞ The ordination of Mr. Samuel Longfellow, as minister of the Unitarian Church at Fall River, will take place on Wednesday the 16th of February next.

☞ Rev. F. McIntire has resigned the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Society in Brattleboro', Vt.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24, 1848.

I attended worship yesterday in a Church which claims to be peculiarly and eminently "Evangelical," that is to say, a Church where the Gospel is preached and believed in its purity. It so happened that the sermon on this occasion was what the elders and oracles regarded as a very evangelical sermon. It was spoken of at the close of the service in terms of warm approbation, as a discourse which contained the "whole counsel of God," and the preacher was admired and lauded for his plainness of speech, his fidelity to the souls of the people, and his freedom from a man-fearing spirit.

The topic was Repentance. The nature of this exercise was discussed under the first division, and the motives to repentance under the second. The grand thought with which the preacher endeavored to fill and overwhelm the minds of his *impenitent* hearers was, that they were in the hands of an angry God—a God who hates sin with infinite abhorrence, and to whose pure mind every sinner was inconceivably loathsome—that God's hand, with the abhorred and loathed sinner in it, was stretched out over the burning pit of hell, and that the infinite mind was affected similarly to a sensitive person who held a spider over a fire, and whose almost irresistible impulse would be to cast it off—that in part it implied infinite self-possession or self-control in God to refrain from shaking off the miserable, polluted, loathsome sinner into the burning lake. The preacher represented that God, while thus holding this human reptile, proposed the question whether he would repent or not, and upon the answer depended his life. He considered it quite probable that this was the last time the sinner would have an opportunity of replying in the affirmative; for if he refused now, the Spirit might never strive with him again—or death might overtake him in his pew, or on his way home, or on his bed that night. The preacher besought him, therefore, to repent now, lest his damnation should be sealed on the spot; while Christians were urged to interpose their prayers to persuade the angry, loathing God not to drop the sinner into hell, but to spare him a little longer, &c.

Such was the tone and substance of this Evangelical discourse. The preacher himself evidently felt that he had discharged his duty, for he called upon his Maker and the congregation to bear witness that his skirts were free from the blood of his people. His sincerity I do not question, but that he was mistaken, egregiously mistaken, in thinking he had done his whole duty, I am very strongly persuaded.

Is it true that only a man's fears are to be appealed to when he is urged by the gospel minister to repent of sin or perform any other duty? And with what propriety is mere denunciation and terrorism distinguished as eminently evangelical, faithful, &c. Evangelical preaching means gospel preaching, and gospel means glad tidings, but the preaching I am describing is a revelation of horrors, a voice from the bottomless pit.

It is one of the gravest objections to that system of instruction of which I have given an example, that its appeals are constantly made to the fears of man. The various duties of life are spread before the mind in austere rules and commands, and obedience is required under the most alarming denunciations. The horrid pangs and tortures which the disobedient must endure, are painted in the most terrifying colors, and from childhood to old age the mind is accustomed to conceive of the duties of the Christian life as so many tasks to be performed as the condition of escaping punishment, as the means of escaping immersion in a lake of fire and brimstone.

The idea of the intrinsic loveliness and beauty of moral excellence seems not to have entered the minds of such preachers as I have referred to. They practically deny that there is any thing winning and lovely in the character of the Savior or in the attributes of God, and that men can only be driven to obedience as the tasked slave is driven by the fear of the lash. And what sort of a character does the constant application of that class of motives necessarily form? What parent would put his child in a boarding school where only the law of fear was applied to extort orderly conduct! where only the dread of punishment ever operated to produce respect to superiors, courtesy to equals, kindness to those dependent and needy, reverence to parents, and the like! Is there no danger that by habitually treating men as brutes, as we do when we assume that they can only be governed through their fears, that they may at length come to be brutal, and incapable of appreciating and feeling noble, manly, generous sentiments!

I do not intend to affirm that our natural dread of pain is never to be appealed to in the process of moral training. The point maintained is that it cannot with propriety or safety be the main reliance, as is the case with that class of preachers to which I have referred. I am sure the effect of this perpetual reiteration of alarms, this labored, unrelieved painting of hell torments, must have a dwarfing influence upon the human heart. The fear of torment has made many a hypocrite, many a slave, many a maniac, but never yet made an honest man or a Christian, and never will or can.

It was well enough for its purpose, that when the Church had lost its original lovely and divine features, the inquisition should attempt by damnable inventions of cruelty to affright men into Orthodoxy and obedience—it may do now, where the sweet and charming features of gospel religion are unseen, or exchanged for sour grimace and embittered speech; it may do, we say, in such case, to summon the thunders of heaven and the wails of hell to affright men to the withered bosom of the Church. All this will be unnecessary, when the Church, once more adorned with grace, meekness, benevolence shall be recognized as the repository of all that is lovely and of good report. Then, constrained by her moral beauty, men will flock to her as doves to their windows, needing no troop of demons, no horrors of hell, to force them in.

Truly yours, CRITO.

For the Register.

"UNITARIANISM DECLINING."

MR. EDITOR,—There are many things for which I cannot account, and one of these is, how that Orthodoxy can, for the last thirty years, have been continually on the increase, and Unitarianism as continually decreasing, and yet, during this time, Unitarian and anti-Orthodox Societies have been springing up in different parts of New England, and not a few in other States. The representations of the Orthodox in regard to Unitarianism, ever since I can remember, have been, that Unitarianism was declining, and their own views spreading in all directions, not merely spreading according to the increase of population in the country, but gaining upon all denominations not recognising their peculiar doctrines. Now I am not able to see how such representations can be reconciled with the existing state of things in regard to the relative numbers of Trinitarian and Anti-Trinitarians.—Unitarians, Universalists and the Christian denominations have in connection with their societies in the United States some hundreds of thousands of persons, I suppose. All these, though technically Unitarians, are yet Anti-trinitarian. Besides, are there not, in nearly all Orthodox societies, some persons that are decidedly anti-orthodox? and have not these persons become so in consequence of the efforts of liberal Christians to make known and defend their views of scriptural truth? But how can these things be, and yet orthodoxy have been always on the increase, and its opposite always declining?

Some twenty five years ago or more, Mr. Editor, your predecessor, in New Hampshire, was preaching in a town adjacent to one in which a Unitarian clergyman had recently been ordained. The society were having candidates, and as some influential men in the place were known to be Unitarians, it was probably thought expedient to give such a version of Unitarianism as would be likely to prevent its spreading, if not frighten those who were already in favor of it. This was done in the usual style of those days, with not a little of that coarse caricature which the speaker was accustomed to drawing. But at the close, he labored hard to convince his hearers that Unitarianism was only an ephemeral phase in the theological sky. He was positive that it was already disappearing, that very soon it would be looked for in vain, and like other heresies would be interesting only as a matter of history. We have no reason to think the prediction was not honestly uttered; for that which we strongly *wish may* be, we are very apt to *conclude will be*. But since that date, the number of Unitarian societies in New Hampshire has been more than doubled. And what was not the case at that time, there are many Unitarians in towns where there are no Unitarian societies. There are, moreover, full twenty-five societies of Universalists, and about thirty of Christians, and as many clergymen in each denomination, statedly preaching.

Now in the year 1822, twenty-five years ago, it appears, by the New Hampshire Register of that date, that the Universalists had only one society which the Editor of said work thought worthy of notice. There were others, indeed, but they were in an incipient state, and most of them had preaching but a part of the time. The denomination of Christians was not noted in the N. H. Register, at that time, as distinct from the Baptists. They were few and small compared with what they are now. It is evident that Anti-trinitarianism and even Unitarianism has not declined in New Hampshire during the last twenty-five years. Whether Orthodoxy, or Calvinism is in a better condition than it was so far back, I have no means of ascertaining. The increase of population has been more than forty thousand, and there are, no doubt, more societies and clergymen than at the time above named. This matters not. Anti-trinitarian and Anti-Calvinistic views have made progress in New Hampshire, and there is no reason to believe that they will not continue to make progress. The time was, when the Orthodox clergy, Congregational and Baptist, had nearly the whole field to themselves. They were troubled a little by Arminianism, in some sections, and that was about all. It is not so now. There are between sixty and seventy clergymen preaching in the State, who are not Trinitarians, and the Free-will Baptists have not less than fifty preachers, who are not Calvinists. The hold which creeds have upon the minds of many intelligent and thinking members of Orthodox churches is far less strong than it was at the commencement of the Unitarian controversy. Members of a church often differ widely in the interpretation of their creed, and no notice is taken of it; it being generally passed over as nothing more than difference in phraseology. Indeed, in a creed which I now have before me, there is a sort of saving clause in the last article. It runs thus—"We do not consider the subscription of these articles as implying an assent to every phrase here used, provided that in the judgment of the church such difference be not inconsistent with a gospel temper." This is from the creed adopted by one of the largest associations in the State. No one, probably, would wish to alter the *words* of a *phrase*, unless he supposed he could improve the *meaning*. Whether this changing of the phraseology would be permitted so far as to alter the meaning, may be doubted, especially in regard to some controverted points. Such a clause, however, may secure the assent of some, who would otherwise refuse it. It has done so, I am well assured. It serves to coat the bitter pill as with sugar. It saves conscience the mortification of making a wry face. Such has been the effect of the Unitarian controversy,—it may be believed,—that not a few are thereby very much relieved.

Too many persons are disposed to judge of the progress of Unitarianism by the increased numbers which openly confess it, or by the number of newly formed societies. If no new societies are reported, or if some old societies, from untoward outward circumstances dwindle, and perchance are obliterated, then, in their view, Unitarianism is declining; and not unfrequently they begin to express doubts whether, after all, Unitarianism be the truth. Persons of this description should read Dr. Bushnell's Tract, entitled, "Growth, not Conquest, the true Method of Christian Progress."

It is natural that we should be encouraged by increase of numbers. There is danger, however, that our confidence in the truth of our views may rest too much upon that, and when there is an apparent want of progress by outward accession, an unhappy feeling of discouragement be produced. Religious journals often take advantage of this weakness, and talk very much as if they were engaged in an electioneering contest, that was to be decided in a few days or weeks. Such a course may help secure a political victory, but in such a cause as religion, it must ever do harm. Those who are influenced by such means have not principle enough to make them worth receiving or retaining. They are serious obstructions to true religious growth wherever they may be. We should not feel discouraged when such leave us. If we believe we are right, it behooves us to be in earnest and to make effort, whether ten men or ten millions think and act with us. N. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

General History of the Christian Religion and Church: From the German of Dr Augustus Neander. Translated from the First, and altered throughout according to the Second Edition. By Joseph Torrey, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Volume Second: Comprising the Second great Division of the History. Boston: Published by Crocker & Brewster. London:—Wiley & Putnam, 1848—8vo, pp 768.

If there is any minister in whose library this great work of Neander has not yet found a place, and who has not yet commenced the perusal and study of it, we earnestly counsel him to obtain it without delay. If he is poor, let him sell all that he hath and buy it, and profit by the exchange.

There is no department of knowledge in which a greater want has been felt, than in the department of the History of the Church. What was the Church, and what the doctrine of the Church, from the beginning, and up through the centuries? A clear and true knowledge of what the Church has been, and how been so, will aid in deciding what she ought to be, and how become what she ought to be. Here is the Church, divided into fragments—the church, originally one in Christ, become many and separate. Shall Christians ever become one again? one in spirit?

We believe that nothing will promote the true Catholic spirit better than the knowledge of the way in which the Church has been led hitherto; and we will venture to maintain that dogmatists and exclusionists in religion are those who know but little of the history of the Church. Neander supplies this knowledge to a greater extent, and in a purer, truer form than has been accessible hitherto. His is the very mind to help the Church discern what is fundamental, in this age when the question of what is fundamental is occupying the thoughts of Christians more than at any former period. His history is evangelical, and it is profoundly philosophical. But we will not attempt to criticise it. It is a pyramid of knowledge, vast, enduring.

We only fear that the work will demand more thought and attention than most ministers will feel they can afford to bestow upon it, and that the sale at first, like that of some of the philosophical works of Coleridge, will be slow and limited. But the work will instantly find fit, and by and by, we confidently believe, a large audience. Its catholic influence will be felt early by minds even though few, who will communicate it, and the leaven will be diffused.

Prof. Torrey remarks in the preface, that "with the volume now published," his "labors on this great work end for the present." He will wait to see whether his labors "meet with such a reception that his task may be resumed at a future time." It will be to the ineffaceable disgrace of ministers, if a limited sale of this great work shall show that they have neither time, nor inclination, nor capacity, to read and understand Neander.

The name of Neander will be associated in the minds of his readers, as he is in the minds of his pupils at home, with a deep, grateful sense of his being a benefactor for the knowledge he has communicated. With him the name of his translator will also be connected as one who has given the English reader the thoughts of his author in a form in which, the most competent judges of such a work affirm, we have Neander in our vernacular tongue as entirely and as truly as he speaks to his own German countrymen.

For the Register.

TEACHER'S UNION.

All the Sunday school teachers of our denomination are welcomed to the monthly meetings of the Union; and amid the amicable conflict of inquiring minds there are truths evolved which are of priceless value in spiritual instruction. We do not speak extravagantly when we say, that as many important and practical suggestions are offered in these discussions, as can be found in any channel of information now open to the churches. Dr. Bushnell's views were discussed at the last two meetings; and what more important topic could have come under remark! We regret that any Sunday school teacher should voluntarily absent himself from a school of this kind.

Who can calculate the orbit of a word! We have known ideas, uttered for the first time in these debates, which have been repeated in every school afterwards. Where shall such influences end?

We hope that hereafter no one of our Sunday school teachers will allow himself to be absent. The next subject proposed is,—"What are the leading principles most to be relied upon in spiritual culture?"

For the Register.

JOHN HAWKINS.

Public appeals for individual benefit in the cause of philanthropy, are generally considered out of place: but there are exceptions to the rule. Among these, we must certainly include the public meeting that is to be held *at the Tremont Temple, next Monday night* in aid of Mr Hawkins the well known Washingtonian Lecturer. Let it be remembered that Mr. Hawkins has devoted all his time since the Spring of 1841, including the strength and flower of his manhood, to the work of saving his fellow men from the evils of intemperance.

The price of admission has been put very low, and there will be good speaking and good singing on the occasion.

For the Register.

TO AVOID ANY MISTAKE,

The Publisher of Dr. Channing's Works is induced to give notice that, AFTER the first cheap edition is published, which will be in about seven weeks, no subscription will be received for a less number of copies than one hundred. UNTIL THEN, subscriptions will be received for any number of copies at $2 per copy of 6 volumes, which may be forwarded to the publisher, or to the Bookstore of Mr. S. G. Simpkins, No. 94 Washington Street—postage paid.

GEO. G. CHANNING, Publisher of Dr. Channing's Works. Office of the Christian World, No. 128 Washington Street.

THE N. Y. UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

This body held its Annual Meeting on Monday evening of Jan. 10. The Annual Report was read by the Secretary, Richard Warren Esq., and on motion of its acceptance remarks were made by Rev. H. W. Bellows and Mr. W. H. Woodman. The Treasurer's Report was next read, and its acceptance moved by Rev. F. A. Farley, who also made remarks. The Association then proceeded to the choice of officers for the next year, and the following gentlemen were elected:—

President—ZEBEDEE COOK.

Vice President—MOSES H. GRINNELL.

Directors—PIERRE M. IRVING; GEORGE IRELAND JR.; RICHARD WARREN; WALTER C. GREEN; WILLIAM H. CARY; J. R. FROTHINGHAM.

Treasurer—WILLIAM B. ALLEN.

The President was welcomed to the chair by Rev. Mr. Bellows, who spoke with his usual felicity and earnestness on the objects and views of the Association. He was followed by Messrs. Allen & Warren.

After some remarks by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Allen, and the Rev. Mr. Farley, information was called for respecting the third society under the care of the Rev. Mr. Ferris. Interesting statements were made respecting its condition and prospects, and an animated debate followed respecting a change of its location, and a plan of union similar to that of Rev. Mr. Emmons of Vernon, by which liberal Christians, both of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations, might form one society.

The meeting was closed at a late hour.—We shall hope to present, next week, a few extracts from the Secretary's Report, and from the account, in the Inquirer, of the proceedings of the meeting.

Our brethren in New York are working nobly and effectually. If we may judge from the number present at the meeting, there are not very many working men among them, but those few are a host. Nor will they labor long as few. Their zeal and power will assuredly draw around them a host in numbers also. Our brother Bellows pleasantly remarks, that "a slight degree of flattering *jealousy* is felt at the East," respecting what their Association is doing. We heartily wish them the success which will make New York a seat of Unitarian Anniversaries, that shall be towards the Boston Unitarian Anniversaries what the New York Orthodox Anniversaries are towards the Boston Orthodox Anniversaries.

THE HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

From a printed circular of this society, we learn that its officers for 1848 are, Moses Grant, President; Thomas Tarbell, Treasurer; Artemas Simonds, Treasurer.

The Standing Committee are

WARD 1. Thomas Hollis, 30 Union St.
" 2. Ephraim Milton, Clarke St. / Lewis Jones, 30 Union St.
" 3. Dea. Twing, 97 Salem St.
" 4. S. G. Shipley, Union, near Hanover St. / A. A. Wellington, Webster St., E. Boston.
" 5. Moses Grant, 7 Cambridge St.
" 6. William Howe, 11 Chambers St.
" 7. Thomas Tarbell, 55 Water St.
" 8. J. W. Warren, Jr., 10 Channing St.
" 9. Daniel T. Coit, 12 High St.
" 10. Charles F. Barnard, 5 Warren St.
" 11. Joseph Eustis, 666 Washington St.
" 12. Alvan Simonds, Turnpike St., S. Boston.

The account of the funds is as follows:

Balance on hand, Oct. 30, 1846, was	545 40
Received during the year, income of permanent fund,	1,110 75
In subscriptions and donations,	1,498 24
	$3,154 39
Disbursed in relief to the sick and destitute during the year,	2,767 26
Leaving in the Treasurer's hands, Oct. 26, 1847,	$387 13

The Committee remark in conclusion:

"It is not the desire of this Society to discourage private almsgiving. On the contrary, it is believed to be the best form of giving, when judiciously done, benefiting alike the giver and the receiver. The discreet and benevolent private giver may have a salutary influence over the recipient of charity that a public almoner can rarely expect to acquire. But there are many persons possessed of wealth and a disposition to aid the poor, who have not the time or opportunity to attend fully to the matter. They feel it to be a duty to give to the needy, but fear imposition, and that they may do evil rather than good. To such this Society offers its services, and its Committee will exercise their best discretion in the distribution of such funds as may be confided to their care."

CIRCULAR OF THE NEW YORK CITY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The beneficial results which uniformly followed the observance of simultaneous temperance meetings, in former years, justify the conclusion that a general repetition of these meetings, at the present time, would tend to awaken new zeal, increase effort, and consequently advance the prosperity of the cause throughout the country.

There was sublimity in the spectacle of a whole people assembling year after year on the same day, to unite their councils and energies for the achievement of a moral triumph over one of the deadliest foes of humanity. Then it was, that the highest interest in the cause was elicited, the best talents enlisted in its advocacy, and an impulse given to this philanthropic enterprise, which was felt in both hemispheres.

As one means of reviving that interest in this day of declension, the undersigned, in behalf of the New York City Temperance Society, recently organized on Christian principles, would respectfully recommend and designate the 22nd day of February, for the convening of simultaneous Temperance meetings in all the cities, towns, and villages in the United States. They would rather this appointment had emanated from some other source. But discovering no indication that any other organization would assume the responsibility, they have been impelled by a sense of duty, and not by a desire to dictate, to make the above designation.

Believing, as they do, that a proper observance of the occasion will be replete with consequences beneficial to the social, civil and religious interests of their fellow citizens, they would earnestly call upon all the friends of the cause of all denominations, sects and parties, cordially to unite in this one great national demonstration, for the revival and dissemination of temperance influence.

To give suitable effect to the above appointment they would respectfully suggest:

1. That in all places where there are no Temperance Societies, immediately on the receipt of this Circular, there should be a Committee of Arrangements, appointed to give public notice, select a speaker or speakers, and take all needful steps for a meeting on the day designated.

2. That in all places where there are Temperance Societies, the officers of such societies should do the same.

3. That all editors of newspapers and periodicals give publicity to this circular, through the medium of their columns.

4. That ministers of the gospel, of all denominations, read this circular from their pulpits, and endeavor to interest the people of their charge in this momentous work, as a Christian duty directly bearing upon the temporal and eternal welfare of their fellow men.

5. That a Temperance Society be formed on that day in every place in which there is none; and that efforts be made previously to that day, and at that time, to have the present number of Temperance Societies more than doubled.

6. That in all these efforts, the only safe and salutary principle be recognized, viz:—Voluntary abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and from furnishing them to be so used by others.

Believing these names to be in all respects practicable and unexceptionable, and the observance recommended appropriate to the birth day of Washington, the hope is indulged of a prompt and general response. Let this anticipation be realized and the friends of the cause, trusting in Divine aid, be guided by the light and animated by the spirit of the gospel, and soon this season of apathy will pass away, and Temperance again become triumphant.

GEORGE PECK, *President.*
THOMAS DE WITT, / THOS. H. SKINNER, / ROBT. M. HARTLEY, / WM. R. WILLIAMS, / STEPHEN H. TYNG, / L. JACKSON, / CHAS. H. READ, } *Committee.*

We cordially concur in the above.
EDWARD C. DELAVAN.
JOHN MARSH, *Cor. Sec. A. T. U.*
THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN,
JAMES KENNEDY, M. D.,
JOHN W. OLIVER,
R. T. TRALL.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL COURT.—Jan. 20. A great number of petitions were presented and referred on various subjects. Among them was one from Harvard, Williams and Amherst Colleges, praying that the School Fund may be allowed to accumulate, for the benefit of those institutions. As the law now stands, the School Fund, arising from the sale of the public lands in Maine, is to accumulate until it amounts to one million of dollars—the interest to be applied to the benefit of Common Schools. The fund is now, I believe, about 850,000 dollars. The petitioners ask that the fund may be allowed to increase to one million and a half—the *half million* to constitute a Literary Fund, for the benefit of the three Colleges in the State, in such proportion as may be deemed suitable by the Legislature—with a view to the purchase of philosophical apparatus, increase of the library, and the diminution of the expenses of tuition.

Both Houses adjourned at an early hour---and at 12 o'clock the Board of Overseers of Harvard University held a meeting in the Senate Chamber, Gov. Briggs in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Field, of Weston. The Secretary, the venerable Dr. Pierce announced the vacancy which had occurred in the Permanent Board, by the death of Rev. Dr. Codman---and a nomination list was subsequently opened. The names of Rev. Wm. A. Stearns, of Cambridge, Rev. George E. Ellis, of Charlestown, and Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, were placed on the list, by different members of the board---and the election will probably be made at the adjourned meeting, on the 3d of February.

The reports of the various committees were read, and referred to the Corporation, except that of the committee to examine the students in Mathematics, which occasioned some discussion, and the further consideration was postponed till the adjournment. The Courier of Friday, has the following in relation to this matter:—

The report of the Committee to examine the students in mathematics, signed by Thomas Sherwin, for the Committee, was accompanied by a minority report, signed by Thomas Hill and J. Giles, who dissented from that of the majority, and occasioned some discussion. Messrs. *J. T. Austin* and *John C. Gray* favored the views of the minority, the former gentleman stating that the majority proposed an entire change in the text books, and a contingent change in the voluntary system. *Gov. Lincoln* stated that it was a melancholy consideration that so few of the young gentlemen of the college—the report stated one senior and five juniors—should pay attention to mathematics. He thought a change was necessary and something more practical was required. Some further remarks were made by James Savage, Dr. Putnam, and the President, who read a letter from Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, who signed the majority report, stating that he had been a member of the Committee for 1845 and 1846, that the Committee was never called together, and that he had never heard the reports of those years, until they were read in the Senate chamber. He wrote this, to explain why he sided with the majority now. The President also stated that Mr. Felton of Charlestown, one of the committee, did not entirely approve the majority report. The reports, with the letter of Mr. Oliver, were ordered to be printed for the use of the Board, and were referred to the next meeting.

The report of the committee upon the Observatory, by Hon. John Quincy Adams, was very interesting, and was ordered to be printed in the newspapers. He suggests an annual course of lectures, a change in the mode of conducting the examination, and commends the Observatory to the patronage of the Legislature, and speaks of this as his last report.

Several appointments of Professors were reported to the Board, which are to be acted on at the next meeting. [Salem Reg.

PEACE ON EARTH. Maundrell says that the several sects of Christians at Jerusalem, contend with so much fury and animosity about celebrating their mass, that they have sometimes proceeded to blows and wounds, even at the very door of the sepulchre.

NOTE-WORTHY. It is stated in the public prints that four distinguished men partook of the Lord's supper. Should it not be worthy of note in a Christian land, if any men distinguished by their fellow-citizens, failed to observe this Christian rite?

THE CHURCH RELATIONS OF CHANCELLOR KENT. At a meeting of the N. Y. Historical Society, it was proposed to offer a series of resolutions appropriate to the character and services of Chancellor Kent. Thereupon, the Rev. Dr. McVicker arose, and the following scene occurred, which we take from the Correspondence of the N. E. Puritan.

Rev. Dr. Mc Vicker thought the resolutions ought to be more specific with reference to the religious character of Judge Kent, testifying to Judge K.'s deference to the Bible in his conversation, and adopting it as his guide in all the great subjects which he treated; international law, privateering, &c. He had also received the communion of the Episcopal church, preferring it from its order and its consistency with a well regulated christianity. Rev. Mr. Hatfield spoke with reference to an interview Dr. Cox and himself had with Judge K. on a law question respecting the Presbyterian Church, and spoke of the decided declarations made by him in favor of the Scriptures as the source of light and guidance, and says that he never wrote anything which he knew to be contrary to their import.

Hon. B. F. Butler then remarked that Judge K. had been his adviser in Albany as well as here. He knew that Judge K. was devoted to the Bible. One day he found him in his study intensely engaged in the perusal of a work. Look here, said he, do you ever read such a book as this—a very learned work, and argumentative? Looking at it, it was Magee on the Atonement. One time the Judge said to him—I will tell you what to quote from—quote from the Bible, from Shakespeare and from Milton—those three books—you need not quote from any thing else in your pleadings. But as to that other point which has been brought up, I am well acquainted with Judge Kent's views. He has said that he was deaf, and could read the Episcopal prayers. He used to say that his grandfather was a Presbyterian minister, or rather a Congregational minister, the words being used by him interchangeably, and with the ways of his ancestor he was satisfied. He attended a Presbyterian church in Albany, and we always had the understanding that it was no matter what a man's church relations were if he was only a good Christian.

No blow was more effectually aimed than this upon the claims of Dr. Mc Vicker for Judge K.'s authority for the prelacy. Mr. Hatfield enjoyed the sport with the rest of the society, whispered over to some of us in these words: He told us when we called upon him, that he went to the Episcopal church with his daughter; but he did not like their forms—he did not believe it was as the apostles preached—for his part he liked the way of his old grandfather the best. So much for Judge Kent's church relations, which some persons would make much of, but which were trifling in his estimation, in comparison with the doctrines and spirit of the Bible, to which he was so much devoted.

RAINBOW AT MID-DAY. The New Haven Palladium of the 15th contains a communication from Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College, describing the rare phenomenon of a rainbow at mid day, witnessed by him on the 13th. He says:

"The sun's altitude at noon, (omitting fractions) was 25 degrees, and but little less than this at one o'clock. Hence, the summit of the bow (whose altitude is always 42 degrees diminished by the sun's altitude) was 17 degrees. The prismatic colors of the rainbow were well exhibited, and the arch was unbroken; and had the cloud on which it was projected been of a darker hue, we should have had all the glories of a summer evening rainbow, spanning the northern heavens."

JOHN P HALE. "Mr. Hale, the new Senator from New Hampshire has made his *debut* in the Senate, and in a manner that attracts universal attention. Mr. Hale comes to the Senate as the representative of a *principle*, and if not a new principle, one that few politicians here have the courage to maintain. The sentiments so boldly and prominently advanced by Mr. Hale, in the Senate, the other day, were '*novi hospites*' within the walls of that chamber, and I cannot say that they were regarded otherwise than as intruders. But, nevertheless, his sentiments commended themselves by their boldness, and commanded the respect of Senators by exciting their fears. Mr. Hale administers to and flatters the popular sentiment of one portion of the country, while other Senators from the same quarter have incurred some hazard by their endeavor to subdue it, or at least to prevent its full expression in the Senate. The effect of Mr. Hale's demonstration is decided. He will carry votes with him—the votes of those who, entertaining the same opinions, have timidly waited for a leader. I am not sure that the sounding of this counter note, at this time, will not produce a good effect. It will counteract the ultraism of Mr. Cass and Mr. Allen, and Mr. Dickinson and others, and will, in fact, make a seasonable and beneficial diversion in favor of the moderate and conservative portion of the Senate.

Mr. Hale is a young looking man, of florid complexion and good person. His voice is full and rich, but rather too loud, and wanting in modulation, and his utterance is not sufficiently deliberate. These defects he is young enough to remedy. It is evident he intends to give himself practice. He possesses in an eminent degree, the rare quality of courage of opinion,—a quality very essential to one who puts himself forward as the champion of important principles, and one that always commands admiration." [Journal of Com.

GENEROUS The St. Louis papers state that Rev. Wm. G. Elliot, the pastor of the Unitarian Church in that place, received a few days since from his parishioners, the present of a check for thirty-three hundred dollars. Some two or three years since, Mr. E. lost his house by fire, and in building a new one he had incurred some responsibilities which this sum was designed to remove.

WONDERFUL TELEGRAPH IMPROVEMENT. The London Magazine of Science for last month states that the Electric Company have invented a machine which will communicate intelligence simultaneously to some forty or fifty British cities—among them Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Hull, York. It can transmit at once to all these places, from one thousand to two thousand letters per minute.

GEN. PIERCE ON THE WAR AND ANNEXATION. The Louisville Journal says:—"General Pierce, formerly a Democratic U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, and now of the U. S. Army, arrived here from Mexico on Friday on his way home. During his stay in this city, he spoke frankly of the war and of various matters connected with it. He thinks that the prospect of peace has at no time been worse than it is now. He expresses himself strongly against what is called the military occupation of Mexico, and says that annexation would be even worse than occupation. He holds that the idea of drawing from Mexico the means of defraying the expenses of occupation is utterly preposterous. When Gen. P. was asked what policy he would adopt in relation to Mexico, he answered hesitatingly that he did not know."

THE IRISH FAMINE caused the death of one hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and twenty-nine persons, according to Mr. Gra[illegible] Lord of Parliament.

At the meeting at the Tremont Temple, the other night, a passage of Mr. Sumner's beautiful speech, in connection with Mr. Quincy's vote on the license law, was felt to have a wider application. It was somewhat like this:

"I honor any man—*anywhere*—who, in the conscientious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, *dares to stand alone.* [Applause.] The world, with ignorant and intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of companions may be averted; the hearts of friends may grow cold; but the consciousness of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, than the countenance of companion, or the heart of a friend. [Great applause."] [Boston Whig.

NEW YORK AND SLAVERY. Mr. Treadwell has introduced a bill in the Senate of New York, to prohibit any Judge of the State taking proceedings under the law of Congress for the reclamation of fugitive slaves, and providing that no other than United State officers shall arrest any such fugtive, under penalty of $500, and imprisonment of 12 months.

WISCONSIN AND SLAVERY. On motion of Mr. King, of Milwaukie, the Wisconsin Constitutional Convention has adopted the following resolution by a decided vote:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on General Provisions be instructed to inquire into the expediency of incorporating into the Bill of Rights the article prohibiting all magistrates or other officers, holding by virtue of any law of this State, from issuing any process, or rendering any official assistance for the arrest or imprisonment of any person claimed as a fugitive from slavery."

ROMANISTS IN THE WEST. A writer from Kentucky in the Christian Witness says, that "ten Catholics become Protestants, where one Protestant becomes a Catholic. Impressions to this effect come in from all quarters. Hardly an extensive journey through the State can be taken without hearing of more or less becoming Protestant—rarely here and there of one becoming a Catholic. Every one knows of scores whose ancestors were Catholics—very few can be pointed out, now Romanists, whose forefathers were once Protestants. The same absorbing process, (within restricted limits) which is swallowing up the French population in St. Louis, and the Quaker population in Philadelphia, is slowly wasting away the isolated settlements of Catholics in Kentucky. Emigration, immigration, and intermarriages are all largely in favor of the great majority of whomsoever they may consist, and constantly against the minority of whatever form of faith."

LATER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By the arrival of the whale ship William Hamilton, at New Bedford, later advices have been received from the Sandwich Islands. Dates are to Aug. 31. The New Bedford Mercury has received a file of the Polynesian to the latest date, and we copy from that paper the following extracts:

"The annual Report of the Minister of Finance at Honolulu, G. P. Judd, Esq., April 28, shows an account of receipts in the Treasury during the past year of $127,855; of which $51,000 had been derived from foreign imports, $27,000 from Internal Taxes, $12,000 for Internal Commerce, and the Coasting Trade, Fines, &c. $8,000. The disbursements amount to $115,571;—showing an excess of revenue for the year, of $12,283. The surplus has been invested on good security at 12 per cent interest.

The importations at Honolulu for the past year have been $516,173, of which there have been entered free by whalers $12,643, and by diplomatic agents and missionaries $8,822. The exports amount to $997,333, including supplies for shipping, $575,000. The report states the effect of high duties on spirituous liquors have been to diminish the consumption, by enhancing the price.

The report from the Minister of the Interior presents many interesting facts in relation to the prosperity of the Hawaiian Islands. It says:—'The retail trade in liquor is confined to Oahu. There have this year been given 7 licenses to sell by the glass, and 5 to sell by the bottle. It is a matter of rejoicing that Hawaii and Kauai, so far as rum is concerned, enjoy uninterrupted quiet. Difficulties do not often occur as they have done heretofore. The sale of liquor has also materially diminished in Honolulu.'

The foreign population of the Island steadily increases, and the present number at Honolulu amounts to 627, including 60 females."

*** Typographical errata on page first.—In col. 6, line 22 from bottom, for "gaonii" read *genii*. Line 2 from bottom, for "deors" read *doors*.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE. In addition to the usual morning and afternoon services, the Indiana Street Church will be opened *every Sunday Evening*, for public worship, to be conducted by clergymen in the city and vicinity.

☞ On Sunday Evenings the seats will be free; and a collection will be taken to defray expenses and in aid of the Society. jan29

☞ WARREN STREET CHAPEL. The Anniversary of the opening of this Institution will be celebrated, with appropriate services, at the Chapel, on Sunday Evening, Jan. 30th, at 7 o'clock.

Sermon, by Rev Dr Gannett. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Institution.

The friends of the Chapel are respectfully invited to attend.

☞ In consequence of these services there will be no service on Sunday Evening, at the Indiana Street Church. jan29

☞ J. H. W. HAWKINS, SUNDAY EVENING, 30th inst. The friends of this faithful Temperance Lecturer, will give him a *benefit* Temperance Meeting at the Tremont Temple on Sunday Evening at 7 o'clock, to be addressed by several interesting speakers. It is hoped Mr. Hawkins friends will fill the house. jan29

☞ REV SAMUEL B. CRUFT, will deliver an Address upon Temperance to Young Men on Sabbath Evening, Jan. 30th, at the Vestry of the Bulfinch Street Church. Services will commence at 7 o'clock. j29

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Chandler Robbins, Mr Alvin Rose to Miss Mary Elizabeth Oliver.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Eben H. Frost to Mrs F. C. Dow. Mr Albert F. Wheaton to Miss Jane M. Commings.

In Charlestown, on Tuesday evening, 11th inst, by Rev George E. Ellis, Mr Abiel Littlefield, to Miss Mary M. Sanborn, second daughter of Mr Peter Sanborn, all of that city.

In Salem, 19th inst, by Rev J. W. Thompson, Mr John D. Simes of Portsmouth, N. H., to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Henry Osgood, Esq., of Baltimore.

In Billerica, Jan. 20th, by Rev J. Thurston, Mr Thomas Talbot to Miss Mary H. Rogers, daughter of Calvin Rogers, Esq.

In Lowell, Jan. 15, at the Free Chapel, by Rev Mr Wood, Mr Jonas Stott to Miss Maria Clough.

In Surry, Jan. 18, by Rev A. A. Livermore, Peter B. Hayward of Keene, to Miss Mary Hills of Surry, daughter of Benjamin Hills, Esq.

DEATHS.

In Scituate, 7th inst, Isaac H. Cary, youngest child of Stephen D. Lee, 3 yrs.

In Montgomery, Ala, Jan. 10th, Henrietta L., wife of George Taylor, Esq, 21.

In this city, on Tuesday, 25th inst, of consumption, Caroline E. Ruggles, 26.

In Dorchester, on Sunday, Mrs Elizabeth Perkins, wife of Henry Grew, and daughter of Mr W. R. Sturgis, 38. 26th inst, Mrs Mary Preston, wife of Edward Preston; 22d inst, Wm Henry, son of Mr Elisha H Preston, 13 mos.

In Princeton, Jan. 11, Mr Phinehas Gregory, 71½.

In Andover, Mrs Phebe Farrar, wife of Samuel Farrar, Esq., 79.

In Manchester, N. H., Rev George Evans, 63.

In Lonsdale, R., I., Jan. 15, Simeon B., son of William P. Mascroft, of Sutton, 27.

WISTAR'S BALSAM AT HOME. BOSTON, April 14, 1846. Mr S. W. Fowle,—Dear Sir: I have been induced at the suggestion of many of my friends, to make known to the public through you, the great benefit I have derived from the use of the medicine called

"WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,"

in the hope that others suffering from lung complaints may find the same relief by its use that I have done.

The latter part of last summer, and in the fall, I suffered greatly from a severe cough, pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, loss of appetite, and other symptoms which indicated a rapid decline. Three of the most learned and intelligent practitioners pronounced my case consumption, and stated to me that nothing but a change of climate could be of the least possible benefit to me, as my lungs were in a very inflamed and diseased state. At this time, in hopes I might find a temporary relief for my cough I bought a bottle of the Balsam, which not gave me the relief that by failing strength required, but seemed to give me new life and energy.

After taking several bottles of the medicine, my appetite returned, and with it my strength; my cold entirely left me, as also the night sweats, which previous gained eight pounds of flesh, and have been able ever since to take my accustomed exercise, a walk of from three to four miles a day, and attend to my regular business. I should be most happy to have you refer any one, who may wish further particulars, to me, at my place of business, No 305 Washington street.

Very truly yours, WM. H. HOLBROOK.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 133 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. jan29

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

JOHN WILSON

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public, that he has taken an Office at

No. 21,

SCHOOL ST., OPPOSITE NEWSPAPER EXCHANGE, BOSTON;

WHERE his utmost attention will be given to execute, with neatness, accuracy, and expedition, and on moderate terms, all orders entrusted to him for the Printing of Books in English or in Foreign Languages, Pamphlets, Sermons, Lectures, Catalogues, Music, Cards, Circulars, Prices Current, Billheads, Insurance Policies, Bank Checks, &c.

[Extract from recommendation by Rev J. Martineau.]

LIVERPOOL, July 27, 1846.

The accuracy and neatness with which Mr Wilson's own works are printed, will show to an experienced eye, that his intellectcal pursuits have not interfered with the acquisition of skill in his business. For the excellent "Treatise on Punctuation," of which he is the author, we are doubtless indebted to his determination to reduce to rational rule one of the most difficult parts of the Printer's task. When I have resorted to Mr Wilson press, I have been perfectly satisfied with the punctuality, exactitude, and moderate cost, with which the work has been executed. I heartily wish him in America a better success than has attended his efforts here. JAMES MARTINEAU.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING, BY SUBSCRIPTION, A CHEAP EDITION OF

WILSON'S

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For 1 copy, bd. in cloth, and lettered			$2 50
For 5 copies,	do	do	2 37½ each.
For 10 copies,	do	do	2 25 do
For 50 copies,	do	do	2 50 do
For 100 copies,	do	do	1 75 do

If encouraged to proceed, the author will probably print copies more than sufficient for the supply of subscribers; but these will be charged at the rate of $3 each.

Persons or societies intending to subscribe will please to address the author, 21, School Street, Boston, specifying the mode in which they wish their parcels to be forwarded.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED, THIRD OCTAVO (ENGLISH) EDITION OF SCRIPTURE PROOFS AND SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS OF

UNITARIANISM.

Price per copy	$1 50 cash.
do for 5 copies	6 25 do
do for 10 copies	12 00 do
do for 50 copies	55 00 do
do for 100 copies	100 00 do

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No. 138 Washington Street.

CHLOROFORM

Administered without any *additional charge.*

jan29 3mis

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr and Mrs Mack, formerly of Cambridge, on the Monday after Thanksgiving, the 29th inst, propose to open their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c. &c.

For further particulars, address Mr and Mrs Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.

Nov. 13th, 1847. osly jan29

PRINTERS WANTED. Two or three young men can find employment at the "Newspaper Exchange" No. 22 School Street. Those who have some knowledge of the business would be preferred. Apply to the Proprietor, GEO. F. BEMIS.

Boston, Jan. 29, 1848.

CROSBY & NICHOLS

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POETRY.

SONGS OF LABOR.

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay,
With the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as it sped;
Yet, even its noontide glory fell chastened and subdued
On the cozy fields and the orchards and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
It wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, it glorified the hill,
And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks,
But, even the birches on the hills stood motionless as rocks;
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled in light and shade the pale-green waves of rye;
But, still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till, rayless as he rose that morn, sunk down at last the sun,
Ending the day of dreamy light and warmth as it begun.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the sunshine lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart,
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by a good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking ballad sung:

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring time came with flower and bud,
And grasses green and tender,
And merry Bobolinks, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sang,

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

And through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board,
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By home-spun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of the Yankee's grain,
His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But, let the good old crop adorn
The hills our father's trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

J. G. W.
[National Era.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH OF CHARLES BARCLAY.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"What man is there that liveth and shall not see death?" The import of these words comes home at some time or other to every bosom. Some think of death at a moment of sudden alarm, in seasons of sickness, or in the silent watches of the night, when the ministry of the senses is suspended, and the consciousness of mortality presses on the spirit. But should not the thought of death be associated with the necessary pursuits and cheerful occupations of life? Not introduced, like the skeleton at the Egyptian feasts, to mingle gloom with gaiety, but to give a just coloring and weight to the affairs of life, by enabling us to estimate them in relation to this great circumstance of existence, habitually to associate life with immortality,—all action here with accountability and retribution hereafter.

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me the most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

If a heathen, to whom the grave was still wrapped in silence and darkness, could from mere consideration that death was inevitable, be supposed to await it with firmness, what ought we to expect from the Christian, for whom life and immortality have been brought to light—who believes that there is a place prepared for him in his Father's house?

Does he believe that death is but a brief passage, a "circumstance" of life? that there is no *death* to those who believe in Jesus? that the mortal shall put on immortality? that death shall be swallowed up in victory? If these are not words, but articles of faith, why does death bring such dismay and gloom into the home of the Christian? If Jesus were now to appear to his disciples, would he not have much reason to say to them, "O ye of little faith?"

Early in the autumn following the marriage of his children, Mr. Barclay returned from his usual daily walk to the village post-office with a letter in his hand. His face indicated anxiety and sorrow. Every eye was fixed on him for explanation. He gave the letter to Mrs. Barclay, and turning to the children said, "Your brother Charles is ill with a fever."

"Very ill, father?"

"Yes, Effie; and he had been so ten days when the letter was written."

"O father! and we have all been so happy when Charles perhaps was"——"dying," she would have said, but there are words hard to apply to those whose lives seem to be a portion of our own.

"Do not you think, Effie, it would have grieved Charles to have abated one particle of your happiness?"

"O yes, it would, father. Charles always loved to have us glad, and never sorry, and he always made us glad. But we shall never be glad again if he dies."

"Never, Effie!" Her father took her on his knee. "And what would Charles think, if we never could be happy because it had pleased our heavenly Father to take him a little before us to heaven?"

"I don't know, sir, what people think in heaven, but I know what we feel on earth. Do you think he will die, father?" she added very softly, and laying her cheek to her father's.

"I fear he must, my child." The children whose eyes were on their father, as if awaiting a sentence of life or death, could no longer restrain their tears. Mary and her mother were eagerly reading the letter. They too thought Charles must die, and when they had read through the physician's statement, and saw at the end of it, "*God's will be done*," written almost illegibly in Charles's hand, Mary hid her face on her mother's heaving bosom. Mr. Barclay took the letter and showed the line to the younger children. "Let us, too, my dear children, try honestly to say 'God's will be done.' Let us all bow down before our Father in heaven, and ask Him to give us the spirit of obedience and faith, that we may quietly submit to his holy will." They all gathered around him, and as they knelt with him they caught the spirit of his expressions of trust,—they felt what it was to be the children of light, and not of darkness,—of the light from heaven which shines through the gospel of Christ.

Two days must pass, before further intelligence could be received. In the mean time the sad news spread through Greenbrook, and a general sympathy pervaded the little community. Charles's gracious qualities had commended him to all hearts, and each family felt as if it were menaced with a calamity. When the stage-coach arrived, by which, as all knew, news must come from Charles, and as Mr. Barclay was seen riding towards the post-office, many an eager and tearful eye followed him. "The mail is not opened, sir," said the post-master. By this time several persons had left their business, and were approaching to get the first intelligence. "O that I could get my letter and be away with it," thought Mr. Barclay reluctant, as every delicate person is, to betray emotion before observers. He was recalled to his better feelings.

"Shall I hold your horse for you, Mr. Barclay?" asked a voice almost for the first time low and gentle.

"Thank you, Dow," he replied; and giving him the bridle, he dismounted. Dow was a demi-outlaw, who lived on the outskirts of Greenbrook. Every man's face was set against him, and his against every man, except Charles Barclay. And why was he an exception? "Charles," he said," had treated him like a human creature, had done him many a good turn, and had many a laugh with him;" and now Dow had come from his mountain hut, and stood with his rifle in his hand, and his shaggy cur at his side, awaiting the first breath of news from Charles.

"What are you standing there for?" said the post-master to a little girl on the door-step, "you are in my light, child."

"Mother wants to know, sir, what's in the letter." Mother, was the widow Ely, to whom Charles had done many an unforgotten kindness.

"He's got a letter, has he not?" exclaimed old blind Palmer, whose quick ear caught the breaking of the seal.—"Hush, Meddler!" he added, laying his hand on the head of the sagacious little terrier Charles had given him, and eagerly listening for the first word that should be uttered. Mr. Barclay devoured the contents of the letter at a glance, then threw it on the table, mounted his horse, and galloped homeward.

"He is dead!" exclaimed one.

"I do not believe it!" said another.

"He has left the letter. He has left it for us to read," was the natural conclusion. They did accordingly read the few lines announcing that the fever had reached its crisis, and the patient was convalescing; and that they were about to say "how strangely Mr. Barclay had acted," when they felt their voices broken by their emotions, and they realized how much more difficult it might be to control an unexpected joy, than a grief painfully prepared for.

After this came regular and encouraging accounts from Charles; but the first letter from himself, written with apparent effort, and at long intervals, checked their hopes. He expressed with manly piety his deep gratitude for the experience of his sickness. Over and over again, he thanked his parents for his religious education. He said that a tranquil reliance on the mercy of God, and faith in the immortality revealed by Christ, and assured by his resurrection, had never for a moment, forsaken him. He had but one inextinguishable earthly desire, and that was to see home. "Home and Heaven, blended together in his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. The letter was filled with the most tender longings for a sight of his mother's face,—his father, and each brother and sister, were named in the most endearing language.

Soon after came a letter informing them that symptoms of a rapid consumption had appeared, which no longer admitted a doubt as to the determination of the disease, and that he had determined immediately to make an effort to reach home.

At the end of a few weeks, he arrived at New York, where his parents were awaiting him, and whence they conveyed him by slow stages to Greenbrook.

Mary, with thoughtful care, had arranged his room precisely as he left it.—When they laid him on his bed, no emotion was visible, save a fluttering of his heart.

A tear fell from Wallace's cheek on his. Charles faintly smiled, and looking up to e said, "Why are you troubled, my dear brother? I am not—kiss me, Wallace. Thank God, dear brother, our hearts have never been divided, and yet we were tried."

"You were—you were, Charles!" Wallace's voice, in spite of his efforts, was choked.

"Well, Wallace, if you have children, bring them up in that strict family love in which we were brought up. God is love, and wherever love is, there cannot be strifes and envyings."

For two days Charles's disease seemed to be suspended and the energies of nature to be called forth by moral causes; but on the third day he appeared to be rapidly sinking away. He could now only endure an upright position. His head rested on his mother's bosom. Little Effie, who read truly the fixed and intense looks of the family, but who could not imitate their calmness, shrunk behind her mother sobbing aloud.

"Come here, Effie," said her brother; "why do you cry?"

"Because, Charles,"—she could not say the rest.

"Because I must die, dear Effie?"

"Yes," she faintly answered.

"It is not hard to die, dear Effie,—not if we love God, not if we believe the promises of Christ. Come closer, Effie, I cannot speak loud; I am going home, to a home like this, for love is there; to a home better than this, for there, there is neither sickness nor sorrow—"

"Rest now, my dear son," said the tender mother, as Charles paused from exhaustion and closed his eyes.

"First, mother, let me tell Effie what is best of all in that home. There is no sin there, Effie."

"O, Charles, you never did anything wrong here."

"My dear little sister, I have done and felt much that was wrong, and it is because I know our God is a God of forgiveness and tender mercy, that I hoped to be accepted of Him. Kiss me, Effie,—be a good girl, and when you come to lie on a sick bed you will have a great many pleasant thoughts. Mary, my dear sister, —do not grieve so—we shall very soon meet again. Alice, one last word, my sister—do not give your heart too much to the world. Emily, my dear sister too, we shall be one family in heaven."

These and a few more short sentences (ever after treasured in faithful hearts) Charles uttered at long intervals; then, after a short pause, he said, "I am very weak,—father, lay your hand upon my breast, here,—what does this mean?"

His father perceived the tokens of dissolution; "It is death, my dear child," he replied.

Wallace offered to take his mother's place;—"No," said Charles, "my head is easiest on my mother's bosom; mother, you are not afraid to see me die?"

"O, no, no, my son."

"Nor am I afraid to die, mother; God has redeemed my soul from the power of the grave. Father, pray with us."

All felt their weakness, and the necessity for a stronger than human arm to lean upon, and they bowed themselves in supplication to their Father in heaven, as children in heaven fly to the arms of their parents. The demands of the soul at such a moment are pressing and few.—They were briefly expressed by the tender parent in the language of Scripture—in words that in great exigencies are felt to convey the oracles of God.

His voice had become more indistinct, and his spirit seemed to rise from the home where it lingered to that which awaited it. His lips still moved as if in prayer. Suddenly he raised both hands and said clearly, "Thanks be to God, who giveth—" the bodily organs were too feeble for the parting soul. His father finished the sentence; "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Charles bowed his head. A few moments longer they watched his ebbing life, and he was gone, gently as a child falls asleep on its mother's bosom. A deep, holy silence followed. It seemed as if all heard the voice of God, "It is I, be not afraid."

ROBERT HOE.

INVENTOR OF THE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESS.

In the summer of 1805, the yellow fever prevailed to a fearful extent in the city of New York. I never left the city on these occasions. One day a young man stepped into my store; says he:

"I have just come on shore from a passenger ship from England—Bristol, if I recollect right. I fled from the tyranny, (not of George the 3d) but of a Queen tyrant, commonly called a *step-mother*. I am only eighteen years of age; by trade a carpenter; my funds are *low*; I can't travel any further. Can you recommend me to a healthy part of the city, where I may board till the fever is over, when I can get employment, &c."

Having been a stranger myself I knew the heart of a stranger. Says I, "Robert, my dwelling, you perceive, is on high ground. This neighborhood is accounted the most healthy in the city—you can board with me. If you take sick, I and my wife will nurse you; we wont send you to the Hospital."

At this time he was about five feet five inches; stout and robust, the very picture of health, and, as I thought, a fit subject for the yellow fever. Before a week he was reported at the Board of Health a case of yellow fever. I procured an eminent physician, my wife and I nursed him. On the third day, he was under the operation of a powerful medicine—a burning fever coursing through his veins; his skin yellow, and his cheeks red as a rose, and *homesick* withal. I sat by his bed: he fastened his glassy eyes on my countenance. "Oh," says he, "Mr. Thorburn, I will die—I will die!"

"Tut," says I, "Robert. Die! to be sure we must all die, but you are not going to die this week." In this I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, but I thought the end sanctified the means. I knew he would feel easier as soon as the medicine ceased operating. I watched the first *lull* of the storm; felt his pulse; said he was seventy-five per cent better; he believed it. I continued a cheerful talk with him. Says I, "I hope to see you buckled to one of our bonny Yankee lasses, and to carry your grandchild in my arms yet."

I lived to see the literal fulfilment of this prophecy before he died, which happened I think about four years ago. To return: he swallowed a composing draught; dropped into a sweet sleep, and profuse perspiration. The crisis past, and before [illegible] hours he stood as upright in his shoes as ever did a Kentucky volunteer in the Halls of the Montezumas.

He was a man below the ordinary size, rather stout made, smart walk—generally looking on the ground in a "*brown study*." A carpenter by trade if my memory serves me right. It was when making some repairs at the office of the New York Commercial Advertiser, that he first conceived the idea of improving the Press.

His two sons now follow, and go yet further in carrying out the improvements, first commenced by their worthy father.

He was a consistent professor, and an honest man. Robert Hoe was a grateful man also. On every time we met he reiterated his acknowledgments to me and mine, as being the means of preserving his life. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, &c., &c. When I placed his aching head on my pillow, little did I think that there lay the elements that would regenerate the world, through the medium of his Improved Printing Press.

The following pleasing incident occurred in a thriving town in the Jerseys, where I was sojourning in the month of July last.

Having left my trunk at the depot, I met a man whom I knew not.

"Friend," says I, "can thou direct me to a private boarding house for a few days? I don't like a tavern."

"I can," says he; "it's in the next block."

We approached a decent looking three-story brick house; on the stoop sat a comely matron having a child in her lap.

"Good wife," says he, "this is Mr. Thorburn, from New York; he wishes to spend a few days in this town; will you board him?"

"And that I will," she said, "for a lifetime if he pleases. For I have heard with my ears, and my father has told me that Mr. T. was the means in the hands of Providence, to save his life."

"What," said I, "was your father's name?"

"R—— H——," said she. "He left England in his eighteenth year, having no one in America whom he knew. He landed in New York in 1805, the yellow fever was raging—he caught the disease—and you nursed him, in your house—so we owe you a debt of gratitude."

I took her child—Robert's grand-child—in my arms. "Now," says I, "Madam, this day my prophecy is fulfilled in your eyes."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Yours, GRANT THORBURN.

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT. The tragical event at the menagerie, resulting in the death of poor Kelly, has made the elephant the chief lion of Philadelphia. A morning or two after the terrible occurrence, the daring Driesbach took him into the ring for the purpose of dressing his wounds, made by sundry thrusts of pikes, lances, and pitchforks, in the efforts to subdue him. The elephant appeared to be ill at ease, and sought to attract the attention of Driesbach by gently folding him with his trunk, and then pointing to his foot, slightly raising it from the ground, and in various ways challenging particular notice. This aroused Driesbach's curiosity, and on inspection he discovered he had run a large splinter of white pine into his foot. Pincers were procured, and the piece extracted, at which the joy of the monster knew no bounds, and he repeatedly thanked Driesbach in the only way that an elephant can thank any one. It is curious that he is quite friendly now with Driesbach, although for six years he sought repeatedly to kill him. [Phila. paper.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN WASHINGTON. The correspondent of the Daily Advertiser says:

The custom of making calls was generally observed here to day. The calls upon the President were not so numerous as last year. Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, members of Congress, and a large sprinkling of military characters, in full dress, were present. Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Ambassador, was splendidly dressed, and his lady was more richly attired, probably, than any in the city. His coachman and footman, (colored) were dressed in rather tawdry looking attire, with chapeaus, trimmed with silver fringe. The coachman amused the bystanders very much by talking French to the four horses which he drove. As the horses were natives of the District as well as the coachman, it was doubted whether his French was not like the Scotchman's "Metaphysics"—equally unintelligible to him who speaks, as to him to whom it is spoken. Mr. Polk stood in front of Mrs. Polk in the reception room. Mrs. P. was supported by Mr. private secretary Walker. Not more than one in ten, I should think, saw her. A chosen few paid their respects to her. A large band was in attendance.

The venerable sage of Quincy received more calls than he ever did before. Long after the President's house was deserted, the throng continued unabated at Mr. Adams's. Mrs. Adams, who has been quite unwell, was in the drawing room, with the rest of the family, and appeared in good health and spirits. During the afternoon it was rumored that Mr. Adams was taken suddenly sick and was compelled to retire to his room. I have made a call at his house to learn the truth. The only foundation for the story was that he had retired a few moments for some refreshment. He is quite well.

HON. SAMUEL HUBBARD. One of the most remarkable acquirements of the late Judge Hubbard was his familiar acquaintance with the Bible. He could not only repeat a great portion of it, but could refer to the place where it was to be found. We have often witnessed him in the performance of his duties as Sabbath school teacher, in Park street church, in Boston. He had a large bible class of young men; and in the conversation and discussions which arose, Judge Hubbard would quote, from memory, a verse from the Bible, as occasion required, and add: "I think you will find it in ——," naming a chapter of a book of the Bible. He would not say with certainty where the text might be found; but it was interesting to observe that he was invariably correct, both in the memory of the text and his impression as to the place in which it could be found. Such a knowledge of the scriptures could have been obtained only by long and faithful study of the word of God. [Lynn News.

NAMES IN BOSTON 200 YEARS AGO. Mr. Editor: Last Saturday I was at the City Clerk's office, looking over the records of births in the town of Boston, which occurred about the year 1640; and was so struck with the singularity of some of the names that I met with, that I was induced to copy a few as specimens for the amusement of your intellectual readers: Grace Beamsly; Mercy Beamsly; Deliverance Beck; Strange Beck; Free Grace Bendall; Reform Bendall; Hopefor Bendall; Seaborne Cotton; Fathergone Dinely; Return Gridley; Believe Gridley; Tremble Gridley; Hope Hawkins; Constance Milan; Patience Rice; Hopestill Vicall; Waitstill Winthrop; Posthumous Dutchfield; Honor Mahone; Faith Munt; Joyliffe Rudock; Temperance Sweet; New-grace Wilson; Satisfaction Belcher; Redemption Scott; Exercise Shattuck; Christian Stoddard; Remembrance Amery; Desire-the-Truth Akers: Purchase Gibson; Zurishaddai Browne; Pedajah Promort; Tabitha Bell. [Boston Transcript.

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES. If a private country gentleman, in passing through Chesire, (England,) about the year 1730, had not been overturned in his carriage, America, instead of being a republic at this moment, might have continued a dependent on England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esq., who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who became his wife, emigrated with him to America, and in 1732 became the mother of George Washington.

When Louis VII. cropped his hair and shaved his beard, which probably had not been fashionable for several years, Eleanor, his wife, finding him with his unusual appearance, was so disgusted that she applied for a divorce and obtained it. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II. She had for marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. [Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

PROFESSIONAL BREVITY. When Jeremiah Mason was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about two hundred witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted. "But the man is a witness, a Methodist minister." "Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?"

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"Let them be summoned," said Mason, as he resumed his work.

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